The Occult Digest

A Magazine for Everybody

ESTABLISHED 1925

NOVEMBER

1936

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Political Hatred

abroad in our land today is creating a poison more deadly than any inquisition the world has ever had.

These HATE volcanoes are erupting a burning stream of *vitrolic hatred* which, if unchecked will in truth destroy our Nation.

No group of Bolsheviks, Fascists, Nazis, Reds or Communists combined could ever be so DANGEROUS to our Nation as these *Political vultures* who style themselves Patriots.

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Filled to the Last Line With Interest—

•

Tremendous Trifles

The Big Contest Story

By J. JOHN GILBERT

•

The Devil's Beads

•

Occult Fragrances

•

Ancient or Modern America

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LETTERS THAT SPEAK FOR SUCCESS

October 31, 1935

Please send me THE OCCULT DIGEST for another year. My subscription expires in January. I enjoy the magazine very much and get a lot of good from it.

Mrs. H. J. D., Calif.

November 27, 1935

Enclosed find draft for which kindly renew my subscription. I am so well pleased with THE OCCULT DIGEST; it has so many interesting and instructive articles that, all in all, it is a very fine magazine and I am happy to be a subscriber.

Mrs. R. J., Mich.

July 5, 1935

I am a subscriber to this very fine magazine. Please send the July or August issue to another lady who will also subscribe when she reads one issue. I would not be without this grand magazine, it is so full of good things to read.

Mrs. B. R., Ohio

September 24, 1935

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L. E. MacM., Iowa

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WE WILL PAY $200 for the best letter submitted by a reader on "Tremendous Trifles" which is scheduled to make its appearance in book form in the near future

THE AUTHOR of "TREMENDOUS TRIFLES," J. John Gilbert, belongs to the great tribe of *Miamians* who made and are still making medicine on the Quadrangle of Miami, the beautiful, in Oxford, Ohio.

Mr. Gilbert left the campus to fight with the U. S. army in France where he spent 18 months during the war with the central powers of Europe. Since war days, he has done considerable wandering, making his way writing news features and taking an occasional job on a newspaper when the dimes got too scarce to jingle in his pocket. Once, as a special correspondent serving a roving assignment in the southwest, he uncovered a dope ring, and was instrumental in placing the head of the smugglers behind prison bars.

He has worked at everything from lumberjack and stoker to hash rustler and "roughneck" in Texas oil fields, but whatever job he worked at, he always hung on to his portable though he admits he was tempted several times to trade it on a steak smothered in onions.

He wrote *Tremendous Trifles* wherever he chanced to unfold his portable typewriter: in railway stations, trans-continental smokers, grimy engine rooms of tramp steamers, cow camps and mountain shacks.

Mr. Gilbert is special correspondent for many newspapers, having had stories from his pen published in over 250 papers during the past year. He serves as Recreation Officer with the Army of Ohio during their annual training encampment.

THE BOOK ITSELF, written by one, who, in his colorful career, has tasted of the worst as well as the best, you will assume that "Tremendous Trifles" has much to offer from both sides of life. Your assumption is correct.

However, in spite of the paradoxical title, the book is in reality a campaign against worry, unhappiness and failure, being in fact, a brilliant and invigorating and optimistic analysis of life, especially the life which has suffered from the onslaughts of depression and failure. Quite possibly the reader may consider himself a failure at this business called life and happiness and success. Perhaps he has wondered why others with less ability have forged ahead while he has gone backward. Perhaps he is an unavailing dreamer or an undreaming doer who has not learned to combine idealistic dreaming with realistic acting, thus failing to achieve success and happiness.

TREMENDOUS TRIFLES, calmly, persuasively and conclusively, will demonstrate the value of combining dreams with acts; it will demonstrate that no weary routine drudgery or any other seemingly hopeless condition in life, stands as a real barrier between one and his success; it will prove that the only man who fails is he who admits it and refuses to try again; it will convince you that the world does not condemn you when you fail *trying*, so long as you do not fail *crying*.

Tremendous Trifles shows you how to react positively to unfortunate and depressing circumstances. It shows you that failure and misfortune are really beneficent agents for the developing of power—to the individual who reacts positively, and to him who learns the lesson of positivism that "Tremendous Trifles" teaches, failure, trials and misfortunes will be remembered only as *trifles;* but, because of the importance they played in developing the individual's originality, courage, tenacity and character they will be looked back upon as *tremendous trifles*—something for which to be thankful.

THIS BOOK WILL INTEREST EVERYONE. If you have read any of the installments which have appeared in the Occult Digest, you will recognize that "Tremendous Trifles" affords interesting reading to children and grownups alike. The child as well as the adult has its problems. "Tremendous Trifles" will prove to be particularly stimulating to the small mind wrestling with the problems of school days.

Thomas Edison was classed as *stupid* by his teacher during school days. Newton was called a *dunce;* Wordsworth a *disappointment;* Sheridan, *defective;* Wagner, *a mental sloven.* For Beecher, a *dismal* and *unsuccessful* future was promised. Henry Ford and the Wright brothers were machinists, Shakespeare was a butcher, Caruso was a factory worker, President Grant tanned hides, Garfield drove mules, Woodrow Wilson taught school, and all of them owed their success and rise to fame to those same *tremendous trifles* which hold you in apparent thralldom today. Few of us would want to be great inventors, composers or presidents, but all of us aspire to greater things—would do greater things—were it not for those *tremendous trifles* which persist in barring the way. If other individuals learned the secret of brushing aside these barriers standing between them and success and happiness, you can learn it too. A study of "Tremendous Trifles" will demonstrate that no obstacle however great, can keep you from the success to which you aspire if you take yourself in hand and *do something about it.*

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The Occult Digest began the serial publication of "Tremendous Trifles" in June. The current issue of the magazine carries another installment. However, our contract with Mr. Gilbert permits us to publish only a small portion of the entire work; so we urge you to order your copy of the book today and take advantage of the $200 competition offer above.

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EFFA E. DANELSON, *Editor and Publisher*

WE STAND FOR TRUTH UNMASKED — Make the world safe for INTELLIGENCE

VOLUME 12 — NUMBER 11

Thanksgiving

November brings us much to be thankful for if we consider *Science* and *Invention*. Wealth of mind and Health of body are greater *far* than Wealth of Gold and Silver or Large Estates.

Election will be over and let us pray that sanity and neighborly relations will be returned.

Thanksgiving does not mean Feasting on the Flesh of Fowl. It means Feasting on the Wisdom of Progress and *Living* to the old adage —"Love thy fellow man."

Let us be Thankful.

Your Editor's Message

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UNIVERSE SPEAKING

EFFA E. DANELSON, *Editor*

"When a great power becomes overbalanced, something is wrong. To find the cause is the duty of each member of the governing body and to avoid disaster action becomes the necessary factor to restore the balance. This cannot be done unless there is unity of purpose, unity of decision and unity of action. The people of the United States of America who are the governing body of this great Nation have awakened and in their determination to find the cause they will become united in their decision and united in their action to restore the balancing power of this great Nation. The representative people of this voting public are alert, keen of hearing, far-seeing and logical in their analysis, just in their verdicts, with stout hearts and unwavering courage; the scales will be swiftly brought to balance. Vengeance belongs to the LAW—the law that rebukes the offender and when vengeance rears its head the lawmakers of the past who became the lawbreakers of the present, allegating to themselves the right to enslave the citizen, to impoverish the rising generation, to destroy manhood and womanhood, to barter and sell the rights through political chicanery, gaining control of agriculture, gaining control of industry, syndicating the necessities of Life, driving to destruction in their mad rush, in their eager debauchery, *will be ground under the wheels of the machine which they have created.* The seething, writhing mass of humanity under the heels of the financial monarch are rising—rising slowly, but rising surely, OUT of this great movement, civilization, honor and true co-operation will once more stand the *giant of true prosperity*—true co-operation—and the East and the West, the North and the South will, in truth, stand united, one man, one voice, one purpose, one ideal.

"The restoration of a government of principle on the issues of the people and the people's rights—the people's right to work, to prosper, to live in the sunshine and the fresh air of their inherited earth. No one is being fooled today, except these cunning, cheating, murderous villains who have made the laws which have held together the *money monarchs* and destroyed the *right of government* by the people. They are fighting for their possessions and to retain their freedom from the yoke which they created and placed upon the slaves whom they compelled to serve them.

"Their power is broken; they see the signs of renunciation and they fear the people's rule. The searchlight has been turned upon them and they are *mad* with *fear* and apprehension. The sun of intelligence grows and will burst in all its glory and search out the *traitor,* the *usurper* and the *lawbreaker.* HUMANITY WILL REDEEM ITSELF."

EDITORIALS IN TUNE

Without Fear or Favor

Watchman

THE earth and its fullness belongs to the people who inhabit it. None have the right to destroy its bounty; all have the right to enjoy its sustenance and in their passing should leave the inheritance of good will and a storehouse filled with the fruits of his labor. No man has the right to destroy the heritage of those who are to follow him. All are appointed *Watchers* of the vineyard and husbandmen of the estate and it behooves each generation to leave unto his successor a well kept estate. The *Giver* of every good and perfect *Gift* gave man the gift of speech, the power to create and recreate—wisdom to discern the right and develop the good for the benefit of mankind and to each creation there was given a weapon of defense. To man was intrusted added gifts—the gifts of discernment and prophecy.

These *Gifts* made man the noble Watchman of the world—the highest office ever created for man. To be the watchman over his domain gave him dominion over himself and he was admonished to "do unto others as he would have others do unto him."

How good a watchman has man been? Has he kept the vineyard—has he guarded the estate—has he done unto others as he would have others do unto him—has he ever realized that all his fellow men have a share equal to his own in this estate—and that his duties included his neighbor?

Man in his egotism changed his name from Watchman to LORD and MASTER and became the destroyer of both his own and his neighbor's vineyard. He spread his selfish spirit over all the land, causing an unrest, creating a spirit of Hate to spread over the earth which is destroying the Watchman and the vineyard.

Today the people in every country are rising in rebellion against this WATCHMAN who was so unmindful of his duty to the estate entrusted to his care. The people have a right to ask "Watchman, what of the Night—When will the morning come?" They have a right to defend their estate. The earth and its fullness was given to them—not to the Watchman. These good and perfect gifts belong to the people of each succeeding generation, not to the descendants of the watchman or his servants but to the children of TODAY and to every TOMORROW as it becomes the TODAY.

WATCHMAN—why do you stand in Fear and trembling? Is it because your SINS are finding you out?. Is it because you cannot give an accounting of your stewardship?

Self-appointed Ruler of the world, you *see* the *handwriting on the wall*—you see the rivers of blood swelling at your feet—you see the Master's approach and know that your record will condemn you and that "The slothful servant that you are will be cast into outer darkness where your ears will hear the wailing cries of the afflicted and your eyes will be *forced* to look upon the mis-shapen bodies of the starving horde whose inheritance YOU, in your greed, robbed them of.

Watchman, mercy shall be denied you; in that day of reckoning it shall be truly said of you—"YOU wasted my substance and VENGEANCE shall be mine," sayeth the Giver of every good and perfect gift.

Watchman, the way of the transgressor is hard.

The Reality of Life After Death

A STUMBLING block which prevents people from realizing the reality of Life, is the result of misinterpreted facts of Life itself. Judging Life only through and by the comprehending of the five senses presented or established in the minds of men, the factors in Life as the law. Having no comprehension beyond the physical expression, the *fear of death* also became an established fact. Worship of the unseen, being akin to fear also became a factor and an accepted mode of thinking. Fear of that which they could not comprehend and a worship of that unseen factor which they felt but could not see, established the LAW of worship. Thus we have two opposing forces to overcome: fear of the unseen, and worship of that which can only be sensed has prevented the world from comprehending and realizing the reality of a Life after Death. The religious teachings that have been instilled into the Minds of little children, century after century, have built walls of *superstition*—walls of *intolerance*—walls of *hate* resulting in wars of torture and has created a racial hatred that bids fair to be the destruction of civilization in nations. Because of the ignorant, superstitious and intolerant minds, reality of continued Life in a normal, intelligent way cannot be comprehended even by the very elect of those who converse face to face with those they know have survived the change called Death. The fear of an avenging God and the erratic teaching of salvation has so fastened itself upon the minds of the people even in this day of great learning to the extent that few dare to lift the veil that the true revelation may be given.

WITH OUR TIMES

BY EFFA DANELSON

Even the most erratic writer cloaks his message in false and misleading phrases. Few there are who are willing to stand apart from the throng and teach of the Life after Death, shorn of its glamor of a Heaven or its shadows of a Hell. The simple minded souls whose eyes have found revealment, *fear* to tell the truth. The law demands they cloak their knowledge under the cloak of *religion.* The scientists cling to their weights and measures. They *fear* the truth—they, too, are stumbling in their blindness and in their fear of the revealment of the reality of Life after Death. Few there are who dare to stand and proclaim to the world the reality of a *real* life, functioning under the natural law, even though the physical body has succumbed to the power of Death. Man in his ignorance of Life—in his egotism and in his superstition, remains deaf, dumb and blind to the *real issues* confronting and giving Life, both in the physical dimension and after the change called Death.

If man could comprehend, if for only an instant, that Life is a process of growth—that expression is the result of growth in the human family as in the plant life—first the leaves, then the flower—then the seed. Death is the process of transplanting of Life from one environment to another—from one rate of vibration to another. Life is governed in reality by the process of functioning changes—one can comprehend this by following the child from its birth to its maturity. The infant dies—the child dies—the youth dies—the man attains through the processes one might call Death. When a man makes the last physical transformation, he begins functioning in a lighter vehicle. All the knowledge he has gained is like so much stored-up energy and according to the processes governing his earth life, he begins making his deductions. The predominating process governs his functioning powers during the gestation period upon his entrance into his new birth. Whatever dominated his Life before Death, dominates it after death until through the process of elimination there is revealed to him the *reality* of Life. There is no mystery except the mystery clouding and befogging the physical mind. The reality of Life comes to very few although they are living in what they choose to term a real Life.

The majority of the human race are living in a realm of FEAR, dominated by the superstitious teachings handed down through the centuries from generation to generation. The world knows very little of the great expanse which they have inherited and from which they could draw vast supplies. They are locked in the dungeons created by fear —*fear* to accept the greater possibilities of a greater life of freedom and of joy. Once the human mind awakens to its inheritance and realizes how it has been crippled and robbed of its right to understanding—its right of access to the great treasure house, it will shout the glad tidings of Life—Life's free will—Life's free action and access to all that is true and noble.

Once this cry goes forth from the human mind, the walls that have been built to shackle the little children will crumble to dust and there will come forth a YOUTH that will build a *new world*—a world free from fear and superstition—a world free from degeneracy—a world free from debauchery and hypocracy—a WORLD of realization that DEATH is just another birth and to enter this *new birth* shackled, is the one GREAT SIN.

Fellow Travelers

LIKE the leaves fluttering to the ground that the tree may rest and prepare itself for new growth, so Life has been with you. You have looked upon the experiences through which you have passed as disasters, but they have only been the processes of Nature preparing you through the power of growth for a greater understanding of Life. If you will record this lesson upon the consciousness of your soul and close the book of yesteryears, you will put forth *new life* untrampled.

The glory of a new day will be brought forth in your speech, in your attitude toward each other and toward those whom you meet on the highway of Time. You must learn *this* lesson that your attitude toward Life, toward those with whom you do business, toward the stranger who enters your door, influences their relation with you.

Watchfulness of thought determines *creative* speech and creative speech moulds character; moulded character erects the structure which creates new and lasting relationships, *good* or *bad.*

Watch daily and nightly — let your hearts sing with joy — let your faces beam with PEACE. LET HAPPINESS RING OUT IN YOUR VOICE. The fogs and the mists will come and they will temporarily shut out the vision, but when they clear away, *forget them* and BASK IN THE SUNSHINE which has been restored to you.

Daily tasks well done — makes a clear record at nightfall.

OCCULT FRAGRANCES

By G. J. ST. WALD

PERHAPS if I had entitled this subject Occult Perfumes it would have meant almost the same thing, because in the more popular sense the word perfume is also more or less used synonymously with fragrance and attributed to some one or more tangible sources such as may be contained in some bottle or the blossoming flower itself. But the fragrance of which I wish here to offer for deeper consideration is what may be more truly called occult or spiritual because it is such as may originate or emanate from some invisible and undiscoverable source — a source although unseen and undiscoverable, yet in truth is nevertheless more real, permanent and intelligible than all else that we may now experience while fully awake and normally conscious.

Owing to the different kinds of mentalities, temperaments and individual experiences it is difficult for all people to agree concerning the nature of this invisible world. I may therefore add that this invisible world to which I here refer *is not* the so-called, long promised heaven somewhere in the far-off skies to which it may take perhaps 50,000 lights years to travel, but is as near as one will believe or think. It is a world of Mind and beings interpenetrating and transcending our own ever-changing world. I may also say it is the same invisible world from whence first came our own individual, reincarnated soul. And as the soul is but the personalized medium through which the "I Am" or God-Self may express, all can sooner or later come closer in harmony with this invisible world in which we actually live, move and have our being. Then, too, it is indeed wonderful to know that all may come closer and closer to this true Heaven-world by mere relaxation of mind from all wrong and selfish thoughts and by mere faith in their own inner nature and their own higher Self.

But I wish here to consider but one of the many phases of the expression of intelligence of this invisible world and as may be related to all beings, for I also find that the more normal people are the more they love nature; and I have found that all "good people" love flowers. May this not also be so because people have become good because of the magic influence of their fragrance?

This occult and spiritual power and influence of different kinds of scents and fragrances on the human mind is beyond all ordinary analysis. The burning of incense, as was for instance religiously practiced by the most ancient Egyptians, and as is still being practiced as a part of the ceremony of the Roman Catholic churches, might be suggestive also as to its real invisible power and influence. This religious significance of incense as is also distinctly set forth in the Bible should be recognized not merely because this or "the Book says so," but because in Truth all perfumes, odors and fragrances have their peculiar psychological, occult and spiritual influence on the human mind even though the average person may be unaware of it.

Now such is, as I may say of the nature of the fragrance which I too have sensed and experienced at times and under varying conditions which I could not trace its source nor identify it with any other; and if I may add, I am myself an expert (so I've been told) at differentiating between the different kinds of perfumes and scents such as for instance, carnations, geraniums, roses, violets, etc. This fragrance which seems to come from nowhere is also more strange and foreign as well as more delightful than that of the scent of the spring violets or the sweet magnolia blossoms as anyone may experience while walking through the woods; or that of orange blossoms which one may become aware of while in or near some neighboring locality where the atmosphere has become saturated with their fragrance by having been carried there by the winds from some orange grove near by.

Now "it just so happened" it was only about a week ago while calling upon some different families in a segregated district of a close-by big city, and while walking from house to house outdoors I sensed intermittently for several hours a very strange fragrance. As I felt somewhat depressed that morning, it made me feel exceedingly glad to be alive thereafter, and it seemed also to increase my courage and feeling of well-being that morning. I cannot believe this fragrance was carried on the wind from some neighboring locality as the air seemed still that morning, and because again on that same evening just before returning I again smelled this delightful fragrance. Then again at three o'clock in the morning I smelled the same fragrance, but now so much stronger than before that I believe it was the strength of this same fragrance that awakened me. And as I lay there awake in this early hour of the morning there came to my mind the solution of a personal problem which had perplexed me for weeks and which I believed I could never solve. And as the most spiritually-minded people also become aware *that all problems will eventually solve themselves if one would only have sufficient faith and patience;* I am here obliged to give due credit to the influence of this strange, mysterious fragrance. Besides, it did make me very happy and in such a way that I would not care to value it with the riches of this world.

Personally, however, I would rather not speak of my own personal experiences or their significance, for after all each individual being must experience and prove for his or her own self the wonders of endless human experience. I refer to my own experience more for the purpose whereby some other seeker of Truth may be able to verify his or her own similar experience, and because all such knowledge is also practiced in so far as it may help others to realize that the fragrance and odor of every flower and plant is as much a silent language to them as is our own.

Regardless of whatever may be said by the people who regard themselves too "practical" to believe only what they can see, there are still many others who know that it might be possible under certain conditions for the so-called dead to communicate with the living; and that the symbols of the different kinds of flowers and fragrances may be in truth also the silent language of the invisible world and means of communication whensoever and wheresoever the end justifies the means.

We too can also see evidence of this silent language all through the animal kingdom, as all living animals and creatures have more or less this sense of smell developed, some so much so that it is as much a language to them as is our own to us. So may there not also be states of mind and feelings in man's deeper self which may be only sensed and expressed in scents and fragrances? Psychologically as well as in every other way such may be but one of the many mysterious ways by which, for instance, the maddening mood of many a man's mind may be changed after all else has failed, for after all, ordinary man knows very little of the mystery of his own mind and less of his own more wonderful inner nature.

Truly the fragrance of every sweet-smelling flower belongs to the invisible world from whence it came and to where it again returns; and to the open mind such fragrance may oft outlast the memory of the tomb.

As the more subtle and active expression of the flowering plant is in its odor or fragrance, we ought to seek to understand this, its silent, significant language, for every plant, flower and animal is but an outer expression of the ancient and past thoughts and experiences of man's immortal Self; and they shall continue to exist for man's continued experience and delight.

The Cyclic Formula of Change

By DANE RUDHYAR

From "Astrology of Personality"

THE civilization of ancient China was established on a remarkable "Formula of Change" based on the interplay of the two cosmic polarities *Yang* and *Yin*. As already mentioned such a formula is of special interest to us because it had obvious astrological origins. Moreover it is a characteristic expression of a philosophy of time, such as we postulated in a previous chapter as the necessary background for any consistent and valid astrological thought. Astrology is philosophically meaningless unless it rests on a thorough understanding of cycles and of the creative potency of every moment — especially those "seed-moments" which become such by reason of their being the points of departure of cycles. The "Formula of Change" of the *Yi-King* is a cyclic formula, which purports to determine symbolically the universal and essential structure of all cycles; better still of *the* Cycle, or of "*cyclicity*." As all life processes are cyclic—in essence, if not in outer appearance—such a formula becomes the basic law of all life processes. Thus a truly universal synthesis of being and becoming is reached—a synthesis probably grander and more absolute, in its symbolical applicability, than that contemplated by Einstein through his "unified field theory" reducing all natural phenomena to a simple law.

The Chinese formula is not unique in the history of human thought. We shall see presently that the old Hindu civilization also had conceived a universal synthesis of knowledge which could be expressed in terms of a cyclic formula defining the universal life process whose poles are being and becoming. And we claim that the new civilization, now slowly in the making will also evolve such a formula on a new basis of life-analysis and at a new level of mental functioning.

The discussion of such matters obviously goes far beyond the scope of this book; and yet we find ourselves obliged to outline them briefly, because the values on which the new formula of the cycle is based—in our estimation—are the very factors upon which our classification and interpretation of astrological elements will depend. The old Chinese dualism of cosmic polarities does not suffice to interpret our modern approach to being and becoming. As already said, humanity is establishing its consciousness, slowly but steadily, at a new mental level; and therefore it contemplates the universal life process from another point of vantage. New values must therefore be determined: values which do not however negate either the old Chinese or Hindu ones, but which complement and supplement them—western values, which presumably shall flower upon the American continent, seat of an emerging civilization.

In outlining the new cyclic formula we shall have merely to state ideas, rather than discuss them in relation to other more traditional points of view. Our aim is not to write a philosophical treatise, but merely to establish a philosophical background to Astrology. The new philosophy of Time, or of the Cycle, is yet to be written. The following will be a mere suggestion of its existence and a mere sketch of those of its aspects which refer more especially to Psychology and Astrology.

The Cycle: From Seed to Seed

Every cycle can be interpreted structurally as being composed of beginning, middle and end. These three terms, however, are to be understood in a metaphysical sense rather than in the sense of values of time. They constitute three essential factors or principles which constitute in their trinity the wholeness of the cycle. The simplest way of approaching a complex subject will be to examine successively each of these three terms and to determine what it refers to, in a general sense.

BEGINNING. The beginning of every cycle is a One: a monad. By definition we shall say that a monad is the initial point of emanation of any life-cycle. It is the germinating seed; or that point within the seed whence arise root and stem. The beginning of the cycle is the moment of unity, the moment which reveals the actual presence of the One. Absolute unity is a postulate, a desideratum, an abstract goal, a metaphysical concept. It is incompatible with life or manifestation. But the One-that-is-in-the-beginning is a representation of this abstract and metaphysical unit—an *avatar* thereof. Unity can be reached in consciousness by devotion to this One—the Father-Mother of the whole cycle. Devotion is concentration upon the One—as if this One existed.

Actually the One does no longer "exist" as a manifested Father; but the One *is* as a psychological reality in the memory of those of His Sons who become the bearers of His integrative power—the hypostases, or avatars, of this power. This power is Tao, and, in another sense, it is the AUM of the Hindus. It is the integrative power *which is Life itself*, and which alone makes possible the process of integration or individuation spoken of in our last chapter. In the human physiological organism this power is that of blood circulation rooted in the heart; in the human psyche this power is less well defined, for the psyche is in most persons far from being as yet an "organism." But it is the power which may be called the will to wholeness or the will to sanity and health, with which the psychologist must deal if his analysis is to lead the patient to psychological health and eventually to individuation.

He, therefore, who worships the One as a form of entity, as the All-Father, worships actually a memory, the most primordial of all "primordial images." This worship keeps the memory alive and offers channels through which the energy of this One can flow. The One is no longer there; just as the seed is no longer existent in the growing tree. But the power of growth that was in the seed is active throughout the cycle of the plant's manifestation. This power is an integrative force which constantly "bears witness" to the one seed.

In other words, once the period of germination is ended, the seed disappears, having sacrificed itself so that the plant might be. But the energy that was in the seed keeps operating. It is the power of operative wholeness. The One having ceased to be a manifested entity, has now become a *process*.

MIDDLE. This "process" is the fundamental reality of the "middle" of the cycle. By the term "middle" however must be understood *the whole of the becoming*. The entire series of moments that occur between the initial moment of emanation and the final moment of consummation. These two moments (of emanation and consummation) are in a sense *unique*: they constitute the alpha and the omega of manifestation—or rather they represent the two aspects of being, the two aspects of the One. As D. H. Lawrence once wrote in an inspired article, they are the God-of-the-beginning and the God-of-the-end. In the "Secret Doctrine," H. P. Blavatsky refers to these two "Gods"—that are one in essence —respectively as the Root-Manu and the Seed-Manu. Outside of them, all else belongs to the process of change, to the flux of becoming: that is, to that which men today call "life"—the series of activities which constitute living.

However, throughout this process of change a power of integration is more or less evident: a power that gives to the multitudinous transformations of the becoming, cohesion and direction. This power is the energy of the Father, the Holy Ghost, the Comforter. It is the life-force that integrates all the multiplicity of parts into organic wholes. It is the power of holiness.

END. The moment of consummation of the cycle is a moment of concentration, conclusion and in-gathering of the fruits of the process of manifesta-

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Ancient or Modern America

By CHARITY WESTOVER

IT IS the younger generation who are beginning to think, laying the foundation for a better, saner world. It is not that they are growing away from the spiritual things in life; it is because newer ideas are springing into existence as their brains develop, gradually changing the myths of yesterdays into the real things of today. Why educate them, if not to have them grow in mind as well as in body?

Tell the young people of today the devil is lurking just around the corner to tempt them at every turn and they laugh in your face. Why? Sound, common sense has outgrown ancient superstition. What would you have them do, sit around in sackcloth and ashes, simply because Adam and Eve sinned several thousand years ago? That's no business! What is done is done. We must think about another day, try to make each day a little better than yesterday. Build up, instead of living in the past. We must pull ourselves out of the mire of ages past. We are not living in the Old World thousands of years ago. This is the "nineteenth century and America." We are living for a better, a saner America. A better, saner world.

Why should the sins of the past hold us down? Why marry and raise children if we do not believe our offspring will be better, more perfect than we? Grow more perfect, make successes where we have made failures, be what we wanted to be, do what we wanted to do? How can we expect all this from them by teaching them the whole world is born in sin and must continue to be born in sin, on through the long fields of time as long as this old world lasts? That this sin never can be quite atoned for, never be lived down? Why dwarf and poison their growing brains by such teachings? Why not teach them instead that they were born perfect, that if they sin it comes from imperfection that has entered their brain. Teach them to grasp the spiritual thoughts that come floating over the air and let the evil thoughts pass by, then they will grow perfect in both mind and body. By teaching a child that he was born in sin he thinks there is no chance whatever for him to become perfect. Ninety-nine times out of a hundred he will be looking for evil, courting evil, because he thinks evil is expected of him.

Has not the laws and society made the marriage sacred? Then why say we are born in sin? If we are all to be born in sin regardless, then why not do away with the marriage ceremony and live like animals? Why try to make the marriage vows sacred?

The young folks of today are changing so suddenly they are growing away from us. Verses in the Bible that we have been accustomed to from childhood have grown obnoxious to them. They are more sensitive than we ever dreamed of being. This is not because they are wicked. It is the change of the entire Universe.

For instance, a little girl whom I happen to be acquainted with, cries when her mother begins dressing her for Sunday School. "Why don't you like to go like other good little girls?" her mother inquired crossly. "Because I just can't stand the bloody hymns!" was the pitiful reply. She was not profane, but the choir had been singing "There Is a Fountain Filled with Blood" and "Are You Washed in the Blood of the Lamb." The child, who always became sick at the sight of blood hated the very thought of Sunday School and church for that reason.

That is where most of the trouble lies. The things we did when we were small, the things our grandparents and great grandparents did for generations back, are beginning to nauseate our young people of today because of the great change that is on its way. This change has been brewing for years and we have been trying to trample it down. It is causing crime among some of us because with the great reaction the scum must come to the top and be washed away before the sea of humanity can become pure and clear. We can no more stop this change than we can stop the earth from revolving. Every few thousands of years there have been changes in religion and the change was for the better and when the Creator of the Universe is getting things in readiness for that change it must come.

There always is and always will be a number of stragglers who hang back and try to get others to hang back, but it will do no good. The great change will and must go on regardless. The narrow minded, the unprogressive must submit finally. The change will be for the better. Humanity must keep moving, steadily climbing higher up the great spiral stair! The break through the bars of Superstition is at our door! Some of us must scale the high wall of

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Youth's Shadow

by GEORGIA MOORE EBERLING

In youth I had the fancy
That some one followed me;
I hurried on, nor looked around
Dreading what I should see.

Sometimes I stopped and trembled
And feared that I would find
A leering face and burning eyes
If I should look behind!

One Spring I found my lover
And walked no more alone,
We loved, and toiled together
Around our bright hearth-stone.

And in pure joy and rapture
And trembling ecstasy
I almost ceased to think of
The Shadow, trailing me.

Upon a day one mellow Fall
When years were multi-fold
I turned and faced the Shadow—
It was myself, grown old.

The Winging Bird

by ELLA HARRIS

I waited beside
  My cottage door,
Where I had stood
  Many times before.

A warbling bird
  Rose and flew away;
Its colors were bright
  As the close of day.

It flew along
  With the summer breeze,
Across the tops
  Of the swaying trees.

It carried my soul
  On an upward flight,
And filled my heart
  With a strange delight,

Winging away
  Through the still blue air,
Raising my hope
  In transition there.

Fulfillment

by ANNE DEAL TOOMER

My life was sorrowing and mute
Until I found the Absolute;
As sands are sorrowing
That lie along the shore,
From which caressing waves depart
To come no more.
Or as an instrument whose strings
Have known
The throbbing ecstasy of tone,
And felt communion in the thrill
Of hands that death has stilled.

Now never dawns the day or night
But greater vision to my inward sight appears.
And I look back and bless those empty years.
I bless the restlessness and tears,
I bless the cruelest fears, the darkest doubts
And know that they were but
An empty crucible held out
By some strange will,
For God to fill.

The Evolution of Religion

THE growth and development of religious ideas is a slow and tedious process. On the one hand idealism and the "inward urge" impel us forward, impress us that there are higher heights to be reached and greater ideas to be imbibed; on the other hand, we are the victims of our habits of thought, and we change our beliefs but slowly. We tend to cling to old-fashioned forms; we fear to lose our hold upon the old, because we have insufficient faith to grasp the untried new. In the religious world, equally with every department of life, there is always the tendency to put new wine into old bottles.

We recently watched a procession of veteran motor-cars. It was amusing to note that all the early cars were merely orthodox carriages in which an engine had been placed, and it was comical to see the driver sat upon a box-seat eight feet above the road, guiding a ramshackle modified four-wheeler by the aid of a lever, rather than a wheel. But the motor car had to develop out of the carriage, and the evolution to the stream-lined modern car has taken thirty years. No doubt, in the course of less than a century, the pattern of the modern stream-lined car will be looked upon as a "has been" when the day of petrol is forever gone.

It is the same in the world of religious ideas. We need to be on our guard against those habits of thought which tend to imprison the wine of new ideas within the bottles of old conventions.

We Spiritualists live in a community ostensibly Christian, embodying a theology which has been for centuries at variance with the new outlook on life which Spiritualism gives us, and our habits of thought tend to clothe the new philosophy with the worn-out garments of the old. This was exactly what happened with Christianity in those early days, as a writer in an American contemporary points out. The new evangel of two thousand years ago came to a world where all the religious thoughts, customs, and practices were pagan, and within a few generations all the ancient teachings of Christ had been crowded out, and the religious thought and practices of the new faith had become paganized through and through. The Egyptian notion of the Trinity had been adopted, though it was never taught by Christ. The notion of the Mass (transubstantiation) and atonement by blood sacrifice became the central idea of the church service. The picture of the Egyptian goddess Isis, with the young god Horus on her arm, worn as a medallion about the necks of the soldiers of the Roman legion, and the central feature of many of the great pagan temples, was adopted and rechristened as the likeness of Mary and the Holy Infant. All the monasteries of Seraphis became overnight Christian monasteries, so that by the time of the first Nicean Council none of the twelve Apostles would have recognized the religion they helped to found, if they had watched it from the spirit world.

Now all these people were perfectly sincere. We have no doubt that they thought they were improving Christianity. They were introducing into it ideas and practices which had been hallowed by hundreds of generations, and which all the best minds of the community held to be true. In a word, they were trying to make Christianity respectable in the terms of ancient paganism, by making it conform to the acknowledged and recognized standards of the world in which they lived. The crude Christianity of Jesus, accepted chiefly by the common people, must be refined in the light of standard practices, in order to be acceptable to the cultured.

Now, is not that exactly what is happening today in Spiritualism? Is there not the tendency to re-clothe the message of the spirit people in the ragged garments of standardized orthodox practices? Is there not the tendency to use phrases in common use in evangelical circles to express ideas which in principle are totally opposed to them? Listening recently to a St. Martin's service, we noted the omission of the "Amen" at the close of the hymns, while many Spiritualist churches are adopting it. Convention!

Every idea born into the world has tended to crystallize, and while it has been in one day the open door to liberty, it has become the prison house of a later generation.

The Rev. G. Maurice Elliott, in his missionary crusade for Spiritualism, has pointed out that Spiritualism as revealed by the spirit people is exactly the same Gospel as was given to the world by Jesus two thousand years ago. The practice of home and church circles for communication with the Unseen is exactly one of the practices of the early Apostles and the early Church, but the pagan doctrines and silly sentimentality with which it became associated have resulted in modern "Churchianity," which too often passes for Christianity.

Had the main stream of the revelation of two thousands years ago been kept clear and clean, the modern revelation of 1848 would have been unnecessary. The logical inference is clear. As surely as the pure tide of spirit revelation becomes contaminated with the crystallized theology of the last eighteen hundred years, so surely are we making necessary a restatement of spiritual truth in the years that are ahead. We have not the slightest doubt of the honest intentions of those who are trying to wrap Spiritualism in the grave-clothes of an effete theology. But close study of history will show that, not only two thousand years ago, but in the centuries prior to that, the revelation of the spirit world was contaminated with mythical and pagan ideas. It made necessary the coming of the Christ; it made necessary the coming of a later revelation, and if history repeats itself, it will make necessary once again the opening of the gates in the years that are before us. The Gospel of the spirit world is ever the same.

Two thousand years ago the song of the angels was "Peace on earth, goodwill to men," and Christian nations have been fighting ever since. When shall we listen to the voice of God's messengers, instead of to the conventions of a bygone age? — *Reprint from The Two Worlds.*

THE WAR GODS

By VENUS G. BOOTH

THE WAR GODS must be dethroned! They are the cream of our race—manhood targets to be shot —thus leaving weaklings to reproduce the race stock. Would our farmers kill their pure stock?

There is no greater power on earth than that of public opinion. If all human beings would unite at this time in a demand for universal peace, the Parental Love Law would then be loosened and Peace would become an immediate wave of public opinion and Peace would be proclaimed.

The physical self is the parent of life contained in "The Holy Grail Body." When the negative law (woman) becomes in love, she attracts the positive law (man) and they create life which comes forth, breathes parental love, and becomes a living soul.

Science mathematically measures the living bodies of the animal and vegetable kingdoms. They leave out of the painting the greenness of the leaves, the bellowing of the sea, the stirring of our own consciousness wherein Bach and Beethoven, when the framework seems to be less empty, play the music of the spheres in tune with the storms and electrons as they weave the warp and woof of the pattern wherein life creates its kind according to that "Something" we name the Law of God. Hence, Parental Love becomes "The Lost" word now returned after the period of "Intellectuality" which failed to advance "Spirituality" in the Human race, leaving Peace to slumber while the War Gods surged on.

They must be dethroned. Where there is no vision the people perish.

The War Gods' weapon is the weapon of *fear*. Let their challenge be met by Parental Love—Space Free.

TWO DREAMS

By HAIDEE U. BROOKS

SEVERAL years ago I had two very vivid dreams, symbolical in nature, which came true. I had a very dear friend whom I was corresponding with and received one day a letter from her saying she was indisposed and feared she would become ill. Not hearing from her thereafter for many weeks I became very anxious.

One night I dreamed I was in a very large room which was completely empty and had two large folding doors. These doors swung open as from a strong wind and a woman in a black mantle appeared in the doorway. Then the door swung shut, opened a second time and the same woman appeared again, swathed as before in the black mantle.

This dream disturbed me very much and I interpreted it at the time that I would receive bad news from my friend. This proved incorrect, however, as in a short time I had a letter from her stating that she had recovered.

Some months later the flu was raging all over the country, and one day I had a short note from my friend stating that she was ill in bed, confined with an attack of flu, but hoped to be over the attack in a few days.

A number of weeks passed without any news and I was very much concerned about my friend. One night, my mind in a great state of mental anxiety, I prayed, before going to sleep, that I may be given intelligence during my sleep as to my friend's welfare.

Upon awakening the next morning a very strange thing happened. It was like a dream, and yet I was aware of the fact all the time that it was an answer to my prayer. I was standing before a ravine, and my friend was directly before me, crossing the ravine on what appeared to be a swinging bridge made of ropes. After she had reached the other side, she took up the bridge, leaving a wide gulf between us. I was very much distressed that the bridge was gone and that I could not cross over and be with her. Then darkness seemed to fall all around and a voice, or what seemed to be an impression, like a voice saying: "She has crossed the bridge, your dream is over."

Fully conscious, I felt that the dream referred to my friend having passed away. Some time later I did receive intelligence of her death.

The first dream was undoubtedly sent to imply that my friend would not die of her illness at that time but would suffer a second illness which would mean death to her. Undoubtedly the first illness had left her weakened so that she became an easy victim to the epidemic.

The Breath of the Infinite

By ALBERTA CARMELL

IN THE country, close to the heart of nature, is the ideal place to "Come Ye Apart and Rest Awhile." Especially after an illness, when the body has lost its strength and the soul is abashed by the uncertainties of life. The blue sky with its puffs of fleecy-white clouds nonchalantly drifting into odd formations . . . the butterflies loitering in the sun . . . the deep-throated notes of the robin at daybreak . . . the harsh cry of the crow calling his brethren to the feast in the cherry tree . . . the cackle of a hen over a new-laid egg . . . the bees droning among the flowers . . . the song of the lark in the meadow . . . the rambler roses and the clover, scenting the air with their fragrance . . . the mystic loveliness of the hollyhocks in the moonlight . . . the blue haze that lies over the woods and the wheat-fields . . . the quiet that lies like a balm over the fertile fields. . . . All these things merging into one harmony of one sound and sight and color, bring in one an intense feeling of peace and permanence as if life is indeed everlasting. And then, over all, the warm wind, silent, and yet—seeming to barely whisper the answer to our unsolved mysteries. But in order to hear, one has to listen very carefully with the ears of his soul. Then one knows without a doubt that this whispering wind is the Breath of the Infinite—the breath of God.

A Boy Returns to His Father and Mother

DEAR Editor:

Am sending this experience which is so wonderful to me. Our son had just entered high school last fall when he was suddenly taken ill and left us just two days before his 14th birthday. Never having had an illness before, it was a terrible shock. Had studied some on the after life, but had not gone very deep into the subject.

Orthodox religion meant nothing to me. We had not brought our son up in a church nor had he been baptized but he was a wonderful sweet boy and had always been so good. I knew that if life didn't continue for him, well, there was nothing to this life for my husband and me.

We soon found the wonderful reality that we all live when we pass through the gate called death.

The other night in the seance room, I put a plain sheet of paper with a small lead, laid on it, on a table with my husband on one side of me and a dear friend on the other. We asked our son to write for us and he wrote, "I love you Mother and Dad, Jimmie," in his own handwriting. We had received much evidence from him before this but the writing is so wonderful. I should like to tell all the world "Our loved ones live." There is no so-called death.

—Mrs. J. A. McKendry.

HERE IS SOMETHING TO REMEMBER!

REMEMBER that the world has awakened and will not go to sleep again in your time. While the Scientists have been looking through a peep-hole the laymen have torn down the barriers of Superstition and Ignorance and are enjoying the blessings of an *Enlightened* world through the established fact that *"There are no dead."* They have torn the veil asunder and are face to face with those they love, although our opponents pronounce them *Evil Spirits*.

THE DEVIL BEADS

By PEARL M. HOLMES

THE reign of terror at Danville began with a very commonplace event; Fate is like that, never taking us into her confidence. She lets the most significant day of our life dawn unheralded and drag past, without a single nudge to make us take note of it.

The little matter to which no one paid any heed was this: old Zebbie quit the cotton fields and moved her meager effects to the cabin that stood on the neck of land projecting out into the swamp. All folks concerned were well pleased for Zebbie had always been a static influence, a discordant note in the joy of living that distinguishes the Negro race, but with their kindly tolerance they passed over her ill humor and were always trying to laugh her out of her moods. She quarreled with everyone and all things, even the cotton scales and the "weigher-in" hated to see her coming with never a song on her lips or a chuckle to lighten her load. So everybody was well pleased to be "shut of her." The more practical might have wondered what the old woman would live on, but as less than little had always been her portion no one bothered. Later—much later, folks wondered if it would not have been better if Zebbie had not had so much time on her hands. But then of course no one ever really knew, or could by lengthy discussion decide for sure if there be even a grain of truth in the wealth of conjecture and coincidence. Therein lay the horror of the whole affair. The question never being answered was never laid to rest and every discussion left it more harried and undetermined. Later, too, folks tried to raise from the dead level of time past the first occasion that the murky terror had crept up from the swamp, soiling their intelligence, clouding their expectancy of good. Some held that it was the time Mrs. Boardman, the hotel keeper, had given her discarded red silk dress to her mulatto maid, Melissa, only to find that in spite of the girl's pride in the rustling taffeta she had given it to old Zebbie.

"Why," demanded Mrs. Boardman, "should you give away my gift to you? You're a young girl and need pretty clothes! Let old Zebbie go to work and earn her silk dress if she feels that she needs it." To this outburst there was only the vague reply, "She done ask me for it."

"Melissa, are you afraid of that old croon? You certainly act like it — shame on you for not holding up for yourself!" Melissa felt that her mistress did not understand. "I'se a scairt she put the conjure on me—tell her Devil beads on me."

Suddenly Mrs. Boardman remembered the long strand of huge red beads that hung around Zebbie's neck nearly to her knees and then a jarring recollection of a hideous figure suspended from it. It was Zebbie's most precious possession and she had claimed it had been brought from across the ocean by a slave ancestor. Mrs. Boardman wondered if evil knowledge had been passed along with the ugly thing, but casting the reflection from her she reproved Melissa sternly, "You've had some schooling and the advantage of living among a good quality of white folks—I'm ashamed of you to hold to such superstitions."

But the thing Melissa felt deep in her soul, she was sure of, so she was apologetic but unmoved. Mrs. Boardman told of the wicked wishes made on the devil beads and the white folks tried to laugh their Negro help out of their silly pagan ideas but the levy on the colored population went steadily on. The juiciest hams, the freshest fish, the first "garden truck," the earliest fries, all gravitated to the cabin in the swamp. It became an aggrieved issue with the white folks. They proclaimed that something should be done about it. With their natural race egotism it never occurred to the whites that the old croon would dare to lay the leveling, soiling influence upon them—and then suddenly they found themselves arguing with each other. Bucking up their courage with the repetition that all superstitions were groundless and of all slimy matters witchcraft was by far the worst!

The fact that old Zebbie could foretell evil if she did nothing to cause it, was proven past all denial. It was the Mongomery affair that proved that Zebbie was no respecter of races.

Through the simmering heat waves, old Zebbie had come creeping up from the swamp. At the ornate gate to the Mongomery spacious grounds, the lady of the house was telling her guests of the afternoon good-bye. They chatted busily, all of them uneasily aware of the small figure coming so slowly down the lane.

They hated to be conscious of her, hated to feel that her passing was momentous, hated not to be able to ignore her. But Zebbie was unabashed and stopped to talk in her bold way that her white neighbors resented so much and could never gain the courage to chasten out of her. Mrs. Mongomery was wearing a fine pair of slippers and Zebbie had baldly complimented her upon them. All this was bad enough but when she whiningly asked Mrs. Mongomery for them, the women were outraged.

"My feet ache somethin' awful and it peers to me they'd be plum restful." The white woman, angered, had spoken sharply, "You're getting to be an old beggar, Zebbie. Go on home now! I'm not going to take my clothes off to give to you!"

With false humbleness the old woman had crept away mouthing as she went, "I'se goin', Missy—goin' right er way, but I'd rather have de feet ache, dan de heart ache!"

Mrs. Mongomery received congratulations from her guests: "Glad you saw fit to draw the line—she's getting unbearably forward and bold. Surely needed setting in her place."

That was on Saturday. The following Monday the little Mongomery boy had been missing. The entire town engaged in the search for him. The men dragged the swamp that night and the women folks coming up from watching them to get breakfast for the searchers stopped and sat down on a stile to shake the caked mud and pebbles from their shoes. As Mrs. Mongomery held the hopelessly ruined slipper in her hand, she suddenly said in a voice that rose to the pitch of hysteria. "Look, they were new day before yesterday—it seems like a century ago and now they're ruined! Why, oh why, didn't I give them to old Zebbie when she asked for them?" Her companions exchanged glances of horrified significance as they helped her to her feet.

The boy was found later in an old dry well; he told of the stumbling step that had caused the fall; he would always be a cripple. Whispers sprang from every house and negro cabin. The charge that was hissed in them was beyond human ability, beyond Christian conception. The whispers kept on and on and folks with their memories like bloodhounds on the backward track found sinister links between events that once they thought totally unrelated. Folks recalled the time Zebbie had craved the bright parasol a bonny bride had held over her head and the girl had lashed out in contempt, "You should be horsewhipped out of town, you old beggar!" Zebbie's laugh was never an expression of merriment; it crackled like flames feeding now and she bowed as pleasantly as if the bride had given her a compliment. "That be a mighty fine wedding ring you all are wearin'. Better polish it up, Missy, for it might rust through."

The women talking it over later, decided that it didn't make sense; gold didn't rust! Months afterward the historians of the town had been able to fix the time as less than a week after

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THE POE

The Unseen Presence

by MRS. SUSA HULSE

What and who is God?
We hear people say,
As they blindly stumble on
Through life day by day.
A something to fear,
Or worship or love?
To praise or to curse,
Here—or high up above?

Who, or whatever God is,
I think well of His plans,
For He often takes hold
With gentle unseen hands,
Upon nothing, it seems,
Cupping, turning it about,
'Til a perfect form is made,
Lovely within and without.

Sometimes stopping by,
A wandering Craftsman bold,
And fashions curious things,
How He does it we're not told.
A vessel to bear water,
To parched mouths, 'tis plain,
A still space in the midst
Of excruciating pain.

Oft a breath of cool air,
Or some sweet memory
Brings back forgotten good,
This, we know then, is He.
But whatever His gifts,
Or those you have sought,
They're most precious and rare,
And what none could have bought.

We so often forget Him,
In our scramble and greed,
Until sorrow comes to us,
Then we ask that He heed.
And those soft unseen hands,
Like a loving caress,
Touches us and brings comfort,
Eases all our distress.

No Spring

by MARGARET NICKERSON MARTIN

If I see no flowers bloom again
Nor greet another spring—
Do not grieve because life so short
Has taken final wing.

I have not gone; it is only change
Where you may follow too—
I wait you there beyond the stars
The first to welcome you.

So you must not weep for me, I say,
When I have finished here,
The whole of earth—is eternity
Reflected in a tear.

My Beloved

by MONA LEE MOORE

Dear friend, dear pal, dear mate of mine;
Dear sweetheart comrade of all time
At your work, or at your play
To me you are not far away
What e'er your task or duty dear
Or your trouble, and your fear
Through my dreamy mind they bring
A knowledge of that very thing.

Together life's path we shall travel
Though the path be stone and gravel
We shall not stop at each sting
That the cuts and bruises bring
But take their purpose in our mind
The ugliness, leave it behind.
In each purpose there will be
Another lesson for us to see.

Thus we shall travel to broaden our soul
It will help us onward to reach that goal
Of the joy we shall find,
In this love of yours and mine.
There may be many a flaw to see
But with God's help we'll make it be
A love everlasting, and momently casting
A radiance of joy and peace.

Remorse

by TERESA CAWLFIELD

What is this sound, this moaning undertone
That through the crevice of my casement creeps?
Is it your phantom soul that cannot weep,
That moves the depth of me when I'm alone?

As pensive by my fireside's hearth of stone
I gaze into the fire, your ghost so fleet,
Comes when the logs burn low and then retreats.
O, could I with remorse for wrongs atone!

No winding sheet can hold your soul from mine.
Though your dear flesh returned to Mother Earth,
At night I see your spirit hover near . .
And feel your presence like a quaft of wine.

This plaintive moaning holds for me no dearth,
'Tis not the wind; but your forgiving voice I hear.

Broken Rhythm

by JEANNETTE EUGENIE CUSHING

I saw as in a vision,
The prayers of the broken
Ascending up to Heaven—
They were as a blue veil of many shades.
Swaying in the wind; and the cries of the children,
The cries of the neglected, helpless, little ones,
The moans of woman in travail—the agony of betrayed womanhood,
Mingled with the screams of the crucified, as with eyes uprolled
In last appeal, towards an implacable Fate—
All swaying in the wind—
And a voice proceeded out from the many hued veil,
Saying, "Broken rhythm, b r o k e n rhythm,"
All are broken up on the wheel,
The wheel of life that breaks, and destroys as it turns.

None may hope to escape.
They who lust shall remain unsatisfied,
They who love, shall learn to hate,
They who thirst shall remain parched.
For this life is only broken rhythm.
There are no chords unbroken,
There are no phrases completed.
Confusion reigns, and shall ever do so.
Adagio—crescendo—diminuendo—
The marching of hands across the chords,
The marching of feet, going to war,
The steps of the multitude on city streets,
Broken, the pattern, the measure,
Broken rhythm.

Being

by H. S. D. STARNAMAN

Know, My Soul, that Today you are standing at the cross-roads
Of Tomorrow. . . .
Behind you the Past,
Around you the Present,
Before you . . . Infinity.

Feel, My Soul, within Yourself the worthwhile achievements
Of Yesterday . . .
The blessings of Pain,
The depths of Sorrow,
The glory of Victory!

Know, My Soul, that You have attained the truer meaning
Of Tomorrow . . .
For You the Light,
The needs of others,
The work to BE . . .

TS' PAGE

Rectitude

by LULA JAMES MILLER

When the autumn days are over,
And the sunbeams lose their zest;
When the birds are winging southward,
And all nature goes to rest;
When the days grow cold and dreary,
And the storm-clouds gather low,
And old mother earth is covered
With a shroud of ice and snow;
Do you sit and mope and shiver,
Greet each day with grim despair,
Feel that life is not worth living,
That all love is changed to care?
No!

You just seek the glowing hearth-fire,
Clothe yourself with warmth and cheer,
And you drink some sparkling liquor,
Just because Ol' Winter's here;
And you laugh—and smile at nature
With her cruel, cunning ways,
Because she had a secret purpose,
Hidden in the wintry days;
For she made you seek the hearth-fire,
With the glowing embers there,
Where she taught you how to fashion,
Lovely thoughts of life so fair.

* * * * * *

When the storms of life assail you,
And your friends seem changed to foes;
When your hold on life is slipping
And you have a thousand woes;
When your loved ones Cross the Border,
And seem to you beyond recall;
And your hopes come tumbling earthward,
And your pride has had a fall;
Do you live in mental anguish?
Do you face the future days,
In a state of grief and sorrow,
Which you think may last always?
No!

You just still your own dull thinking,
Listen for the voice of Love,
Gather Faith and Hope about you,
Place your trust in God above;
And you laugh—and smile at nature
With her cruel, clever ways,
Because she had a noble purpose,
Hidden in the trying days;
For she caused you to grow silent,
And the voice of Love to hear;
Made you think of God and Heaven
Caused all life to grow more dear!

So when seeming evil plagues you,
You must always seek to know,
Wherein lies the hidden lesson,
That has caused it to be so;
Strive to see the sunlight shining,
O'er each clouded, dreary day;
Learn to look beneath the surface,
Into where true wisdom lay;
Sorrow's form shall then desert you,
Doubt and Fear shall steal away,
Leaving LOVE'S sweet, radiant presence,
To enshrine your life always!

Encouraged

by MARIE BLACKMAN

Lament not for the fleeting days gone by,
For they belong to God's oblivion now;
Much rather greet each new-born day and try
To live each hour the best that you know how.
So that, at last, when comes your final hour,
When angel's wings are fanning your last breath,
Endowed with courage, you receive your dower—
A berth among the ones who feared no death.
For death is just a gentle, soothing sleep
Which all earth's pilgrims finally share a while;
Who (though bereaved ones wail and mourners weep),
Will rise again to greet the Master's smile.
Their earthly footprints left upon the way
Are molded in the sands of time for aye!

Time

by PAUL MARTIN WELCH

Time doth exist we must allow,
The man-made measurement of now;
But here we must agree—
That never was I not, nor thou,
Nor shall we ever cease to be.

Crossing That Great Sea of Blue

by IVA S. DE ZELAR

My eyes were filled with sorrow
As I gazed, far out to sea,
Dreaming of those that had left me,
Wondering where they could be.

When I saw with heart stilled in wonder,
What seemed to be a white sail.
With a man that I knew was my brother
Standing beside the rail.

He was beckoning to me, from the starboard,
With hands raised in happy salute.
While I stood in rapt attention,
With lips that were mute.

Could I forget the glad welcome
That filled my heart when I knew,
That he was there ready to guide me,
When I crossed that great sea of blue.

Acceptance

by MARY PAULINE RICHARDSON

There passed before my troubled inner mind,
A vision of the Infinite; and then
I stood alone, uplifted and resigned
To Destiny which triumphs over men;
No darkness more, nor fear, can hold me blind
Upon a puny earth to doubt again!
I have seen glories of supernal Light,
That clear the blacks of terror from my night.

In Memory of Mother

by MARION B. SHOEN

I wish that I might tell you how
I love the things you've done;
The little, soft embroidered flowers
I lay my head upon.
The tiny stitches your hands took,
The laces you crocheted;
The tatted edges on the spread
Your loving fingers made.

I wish that I might speak to you
For just one little while
And thank you for your kindnesses
And kiss you for your smile.
But, as my heart remembers you
I use the things you've made;
Recalling how you sat and smiled
Or sang, as you crocheted.

This is the way I speak to you
As your heart speaks to me
In everything you used to do . . .
Your loveliness I see,
The words you spoke, the smiles you wore,
The blueness of your eyes
Are in my heart forevermore
Like flowers in Paradise.

To Be Deserving

by PAUL JANS

Preserve, O God, that attitude
Which must alone, suffice,
To give a sense of gratitude
Beyond all thought of price.

TREMENDOUS TRIFLES

(*The Fifty Dollar Contest Story*)

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Sixth Installment

"Happiness and—Gold"

WHO is it in the world that is supremely happy? Can there be one individual of all the millions who can say that he is happy one-half, one-fourth, or one-third of the time? What is it of all other things that can bring happiness into the lives of men? Can it be vast possessions—*gold?* Many will answer affirmatively at once, but the greatest period of unhappiness in the world when the wheels of industry were locked in 1931, was the direct result of an *over-production* in gold. There was too much of the happiness which gold brings, too much of the hoarded yellow metal in our land, and the result was misery, unhappiness—actual starvation. Gold therefore, is not the answer.

What type of man, what type of mind is it that could find happiness through possessing gold? Is it not true that all the great financial leaders are men of quick and active minds? Would a quick and active mentality be rendered happy through the mere possession of untold wealth? The active mind wrestling with mighty problems, is happy only when a knotty problem has been solved. With the solution of the problem, the active mind ceases to dwell on the accomplishment for the accomplished feat is a problem no longer; but it leaps swiftly to another problem, and in spite of wealth and possessions, it is unhappy until the next and probably more difficult problem has been met and solved. Gold means nothing to such a mind as that. Gold is merely the means to an end, and in achieving that end everything including gold is forgotten. The end itself is the only important consideration. The man of wealth then, cannot be supremely happy. His gold does not bring him happiness. There are too many great things for him to accomplish, and after all it is only accomplishment which can bring peace and happiness to men.

The little mind wrestling with small problems, accomplishing things of little importance in the world, is just as happy in its accomplishment as the greatest millionaire mentality could ever be. The college professor catching his bugs is never more happy than when he has caught a new bug and immortalized his pedagogical name by classifying it in the bug catalogue. The high school professor, waiting for the decision of the board on his application, is never more thrilled than when he receives notice that he has been hired for the ensuing school year. The solution of the lesser problems of the lesser mind is as important as the solution of the weightier problems to the minds which direct the movement of the world's greatest fortunes. The happiness of the lesser minds is just as great, and *greater.*

The machine age is the result of the millionaire mentality. The machine age flooded the world with food, clothing, all the necessaries of life; it produced necessaries to happy existence so cheap that every individual with a little gold should have had his wants satisfied. But the machine age failed to regulate the distribution of gold. The wealth in production which the machine age gave to the world, fell into the hands of a few. The individual with small wants could not buy the cheapest food and clothing if he had no gold with which to buy. A dollar pair of shoes is high-priced if you don't have the dollar. Yet, the unhappiness which resulted in this peculiar state of production and distribution, was just as rampant among the millionaire minds as it was among the lesser-favored minds—that is, the minds of all those not millionaires.

The responsibilities falling upon the millionaire minds are especially great during a period of economic depression. The millionaire mind is just as insecure, restless, doubtful and unhappy as the mind of the worker. In fact, the mind of the millionaire is given more to worry than the mind of the most disreputable tramp. If the tramp succeeds in satisfying his wants of the moment, he has accomplished the unexpected and is correspondingly happy.

Happiness is a peculiar thing. If the wants of the man seeking it are not too great, he is easily made happy. Perhaps that is the explanation for any state of unrest and unhappiness which sweeps individuals and nations from time to time. The mind of millionaire and worker alike must be prepared to *want less* and to give more. Does accomplishing the *unexpected* bring happiness to one? Does accomplishing the *impossible* bring to one happiness? Is it not possible for individuals to seek to introduce happiness into the lives of others? Give some unexpected happiness to another today, and see how you feel about it. The whole world would be better if they tried that just one day.

"You Are Known by Your Desire"

Someone said they were able to decide accurately on the character of an individual simply by understanding his desires. A man is as big or as small as his desires. If he reaches up into the clouds or down into the gutter, he is demonstrating his desires to all the world. Desire is a habit which can be formed so solidly in the personality that it becomes second-nature. The desire for liquor, the desire to smoke, the desire for drugs; likewise, the desire to perform useful service, to be honorable, to be clean, are all habits which have developed as the result of fixed purpose.

Men and women become great and do great things by *habitually* doing their best in their chosen occupations. The Roman who carried the calf around the forum every day several times, continuing the performance until he was finally carrying a full-grown cow weighing many hundred pounds, was acting in response to an intense desire for great physical strength. He made his desire for great strength compel him to the habit of performing daily with the calf until the desire was at last realized. The eyes of his soul were fixed intently on physical strength as his highest goal; the picture in his heart was molded by a true desire to be strong. Any other thought which sought to conflict with his desire for strength, he resolutely put out of his mind. Not for a moment would he tolerate thought or action which sought to interfere with his advancement. The *desire* for physical strength was so pronounced in his mind, the picture of himself as the possessor of mighty muscles was so clear, that attaining the desire was just a matter of time. Finally, when he carried the unwieldy and monstrously heavy cow twice around the forum while the crowd wildly applauded, he demonstrated to the world that *desire* if it is sufficiently strong, will get a man anything he wants. It will compel him always to his best and greatest effort. Henry Ward Beecher told his students that he owed his success to the habit of doing his best at all times.

The individual who does things feebly and half-heartedly demonstrates a desire of like nature. He will dwarf himself mentally and physically because it is really his desire inwardly to be mentally and physically dwarfed.

Stonewall Jackson, the great Confederate chieftain, had a desire to be a cavalry commander. About every waking hour found him nursing that desire. No one who saw his ungainly and awkward figure clothed in rude home-spuns, would have pictured him leading one of the finest bodies of cavalry that ever an army saw. When he went to West Point students saw nothing about his unromantic figure to suggest a leader of any kind, but Stonewall Jackson knew what had taken him there. The desire to be a leader of cavalry was not to be choked or thwarted by the mere opinion or the scoffs of fellow-students. Late in the night when all others were asleep, Stonewall

(*Continued on page 32*)

WHY THE CROW TURNED BLACK

By ELBERT BENJAMINE
President of the Church of Light

Elbert Benjamine

ONE needs to know something about the habits and characters of ravens and crows to discern what the ancients had in mind when they placed one of these noisy, thieving, carrion-eating birds in the sky. Corvus is the name yet employed by naturalists to distinguish the genus embracing both types, which are so closely allied that they are distinguished in the field chiefly through the noise they make. A raven has a croaking voice, while a crow vocalizes in a loud and raucous caw.

One who is familiar with the way of crows and ravens would be sure that they would never be used as the universal symbols of any commendable trait or habit. Their one and only claim to greatness lies in their unparalleled ability to look out for themselves.

Because they are destructive to crops, pulling the new sprouts of grain from the ground and because in the cattle country of the west they sometimes do not wait for an injured creature to die, but pick out its eyes and help themselves to its flesh as soon as they find it helpless, relentless war has been waged by man against them. Yet so cunning are they and so capable of caring for number one, that though every hand is against them, they are now more numerous than ever.

Before going further into the habits of crows it should be explained that people born while the Sun is in the Corvus decanate of Leo, from about August 13 to August 23, are no more apt than other people to partake of these crow-like qualities. It is true that they have great ambition and that as a rule they are exceptionally well able to take care of themselves. But it is only the occasional individual who permits this ambition to so dominate him that he comes to have no regard for the feelings and rights of others, and uses them unscrupulously to realize his aims.

Yet it was the function of the constellated pictures not merely to reveal those things which should be done, if one were to live the most satisfactory type of life, but also to point out the dangers along the way. And one of these dangers, to which many people are subject and to which those born while the Sun is in the last decanate of Leo are particularly exposed, is portrayed by the character of the raven and crow.

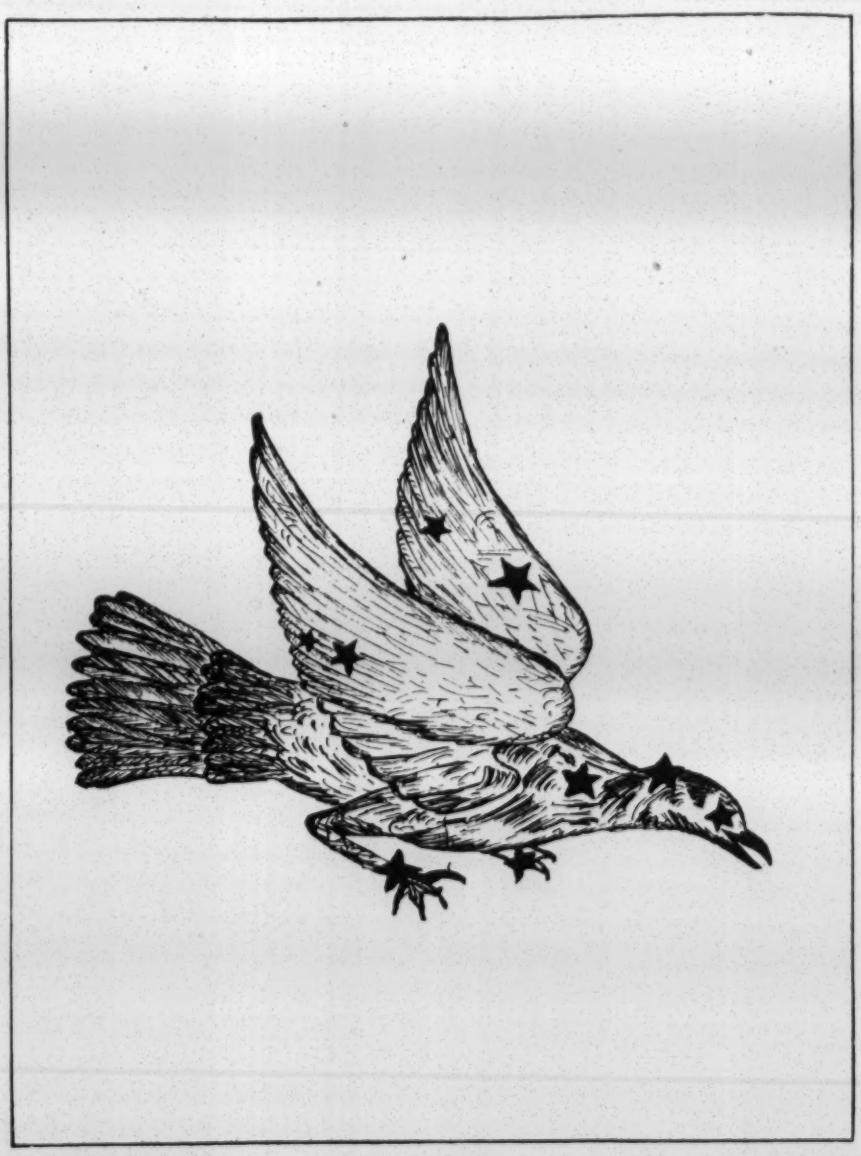
When Noah, in the ark, badly wanted information because the raven is so smart a bird he sent one forth to get it. But as ravens are wont to do it had no thought of anyone but self. It found out about the conditions, but instead of returning to the ark so Noah also could be apprised it flew to and fro. It took good care not to perish but neither did it return to the ark. So to find out what he wanted to know Noah had to use a dove.

Even the feeding of Elijah was characteristic of the propensities of the bird. As related in First Kings, 17, there was a great drought in the land, so that everyone was hard pressed both for food and water. Elijah had established a hiding place from his enemies by the brook Cherith, "And the ravens brought him bread and flesh in the morning, and bread and flesh in the evening; and he drank of the brook."

Where the ravens found the flesh is quite open to discussion; but bread already baked does not grow on bushes even in the promised land. The only way they could have obtained the bread was to steal it from someone. And as they are noted for such pilfering the inference is obvious that they grabbed it when its owner was not watching, or at least without the owner's consent. Thus while Elijah benefited someone else in this land of food shortage was deprived. Yet no blame can be attached to Elijah, for there is nothing to indicate he knew to whom the food rightfully belonged or where to return it.

As the constellation shows this racketeering bird, he has alighted on the back of the water serpent, Hydra, and is in the act of tearing a piece of living flesh from it as in the cattle country

(*Continued on page 29*)



Haasan Osiris

Bringing Your Stars to You Astrologically With Your Personal Daily Guide

By HAASAN OSIRIS

Author of "Astrological Birth-Control, the Nation's Greatest Asset," "Astrology and Surgery"

WORLD OUTLOOK

November, 1936

AS WE look over the chart of the New Moon which signifies this month's indications it is a rather sorrowful looking affair, for Saturn afflicting Venus in this chart denotes many and varied disrupting influences are at work throughout the world.

America lunges forward in the world's news because of many unusual events. The political campaigns over and election completed, the country, in that respect, settles down to four years of secure feelings. The present Administration's ideals go marching on with many new additions which further enhance the security of the nation.

However, throughout the land there are strange events. Murders, assassinations, deaths of notable people, kidnapings, crimes of horror, major air disasters, railroad accidents, an increase in automobile deaths, and a notorious fraud comes to light. Labor troubles develop in various cities. Large buildings will burn to the ground. Terrific explosions, cave-ins, landslides, and elemental disturbances claim a heavy toll of lives and millions of dollars' worth of damage.

Europe continues to be on the verge of a general war. New developments create gloom in official circles. In spite of efforts of peace-loving nations of the old world every indication points to a hasty breaking out of hostilities on several fronts. Every ounce of reasoning and fair play has left the radical element and each faction thinks only of its own welfare, even though that might endanger the peace of the entire planet. Alarming news from Japan stirs the sentiment of the world against that nation. A wave of strict oppression threatens those who try to block these devastating developments.

Toward the close of the month there is a general pick-up in national and international business. In all this is a month of strange events, odd happenings and astounding occurrences.

NOVEMBER, 1936

For the Zodiacal Signs

ARIES

(For those born between Mar. 21-April 19)

First half of the month for you in the Aries family looks a little better than last month. New conditions develop. Hopes mature. Offers that have been held back will materialize. Last half of the month looks much better. Mercury entering Sagittarius then gives you success with distant interests.

TAURUS

(For those born between April 20-May 20)

Subjective influences seem to hamper you in your efforts now. Take things easy. No success can come by going to extremes. Guard your health and prevent accidents. Control a tendency to become too headstrong and thus allow yourself to get into arguments that do not directly concern you. Be calm.

GEMINI

(For those born between May 21-June 21)

First half of the month is unimportant. You have mostly minor routine work to attend to now. Avoid exaggerations. Plan your affairs for the future now. Last half of the month becomes vexing and unsettled. Avoid haste, loss through carelessness and prevent accidents in home or traffic. Postpone travel.

CANCER

(For those born between June 22-July 22)

A good time to check up on future prospects and enjoy successes of the past. Favors from someone in authority. Possible gains through realization of a long-anticipated plan. Offers of travel. The Thanksgiving period is filled with pleasant surprises and new friendships. Good time to make changes.

LEO

(For those born between July 23-Aug. 22)

This is your opportunity to get things under way. Go places. Start new projects. Seek aid from influential people. This month brings you face to face with new conditions which will indeed be productive of added income: be sure you recognize them and take advantage of them. Good health seems to prevail.

VIRGO

(For those born between Aug. 23-Sept. 22)

Unusual stabilizing influences operate for you now. You will be confronted with plans or suggestions which will stabilize your future now if you accept them. Company from a distance. Short, pleasant trips are scheduled for you. General good health and good fortune in domestic and personal undertakings.

LIBRA

(For those born between Sept. 23-Oct. 22)

Gradually through November you will come out of the stagnant conditions you experienced the past few weeks. Romance, travel and adventure come to your door. Opportunities to change work or have an added source of income are offered to you. Delightful home and social or friendship experiences. Health improves.

(Continued on page 30)

Personal Astrological Daily Guide

Gallery of Letters With Their Meaning

G: Capital G means a very good day. Ask favors, seek work, sign papers, promote your affairs, take trips, advertise, make friends, investigate, attend to everything of importance. Go places and do things.

g: Small g means a slightly good day. On these days attend to usual routine, make offers, entertain company, visit, write letters, send telegrams, take short trips, improve your personal affairs. Buy things, sell and invest.

A: Capital A means an adverse day. On these days use care and caution in all dealings, avoid accidents, losses, thefts, and guard your health. Also be careful of misunderstandings and engage in no arguments. Take no risks or chances.

a: Small a means a slightly adverse day. On these days attend only to necessary duties, strive to keep cheerful, avoid hurts and wounds, make haste slowly and seek dependable advice before acting. Avoid domestic inharmony.

D: Capital D means a doubtful day. Quite likely on these days several alternate good and adverse influences prevail and you should be discreet in all activities. Do not take too much for granted — don't be too sure. Postpone things.

N: Capital N means a Neutral day. On this day the influences are equally balanced, therefore it is not a very important day. Go about your usual affairs with usual prudence and it will be a successful but uneventful day.

C: Capital C means a Critical day. On these days you should be unusually careful and cautious in everything. Be sure to avoid accidents, sudden losses, explosions, falls, hurts, cuts and bruises. Undertake NOTHING important.

F: Forenoon of this day is good, but the afternoon is adverse; therefore the A.M. should be considered as G and the P.M. as A.

P: Afternoon is good but the forenoon is adverse. Therefore the day should be considered as A in A.M. and G in P.M.

E: This letter will be used in combination with other letters and pertains to the Evening of any day when the Evening influences differ from the influences of the rest of the day. A letter E added to any day means the evening is good for romance, pleasure seeking, amusements, visiting, short trips and general recreations.

V: This letter will also be used in combination with other letters when the evening hours differ from the rest of the day. The letter V added to any day means the evening is adverse for risks or ventures and it is best to remain at home and engage only in quiet recreations with friends or family.

NOVEMBER, 1936

For those whose birthdays occur between:	Mar. 21—Apr. 19	Apr. 20—May 20	May 21—June 21	June 22—July 22	July 23—Aug. 22	Aug. 23—Sept. 22	Sept. 23—Oct. 22	Oct. 23—Nov. 21	Nov. 22—Dec. 21	Dec. 22—Jan. 19	Jan. 20—Feb. 19	Feb. 20—Mar. 20
Date	Ari.	Tau.	Gem.	Can.	Leo.	Vir.	Lib.	Sco.	Sag.	Cap.	Aqu.	Pis.
1	G	N	N	N	G	a	G	A	G	a	g	a
2	g	N	g	N	g	a	g	a	g	a	g	aE
3	A	g	a	D	a	G	a	g	A	g	a	g
4	A	g	a	D	a	G	a	g	A	g	a	g
5	g	a	G	a	g	N	G	a	g	a	G	a
6	g	a	G	a	g	D	g	a	g	a	g	a
7	a	G	a	G	a	g	N	G	a	g	a	G
8	a	G	a	G	a	g	N	G	a	g	a	G
9	aE	GV	aE	GV	aE	gV	NE	GV	aE	gV	aE	GV
10	G	a	g	A	g	a	g	N	G	a	g	A
11	g	a	g	a	g	a	g	D	g	a	g	a
12	A	g	A	g	A	g	N	a	A	G	a	G
13	A	g	a	g	A	g	N	a	A	G	a	G
14	aE	gV	aE	gV	aE	gV	DE	aE	aE	gV	aE	gV
15	g	a	G	a	g	a	G	a	g	a	G	a
16	g	a	g	a	g	a	g	A	g	A	g	a
17	N	g	a	G	a	g	a	G	A	g	a	G
18	N	N	a	g	a	g	a	g	a	G	a	g
19	P	F	P	F	N	D	P	P	F	N	P	D
20	G	a	g	A	G	a	g	A	G	a	g	a
21	G	a	g	A	G	a	g	A	G	a	g	a
22	a	G	a	g	A	g	a	g	A	G	a	g
23	a	G	a	G	a	g	a	G	a	g	a	g
24	F	P	P	P	F	gV	aE	F	P	gV	aE	gV
25	N	a	G	a	g	a	G	A	g	a	g	a
26	F	N	F	g	C	g	a	G	a	g	a	G
27	F	N	F	g	N	g	a	G	a	g	a	G
28	G	FE	PV	a	G	a	g	a	G	a	g	N
29	g	g	g	a	G	a	g	a	g	a	g	D
30	A	g	a	g	A	G	a	g	A	G	a	g

DIRECTIONS: First find the column which includes your birthday, then look down that column of letters until you come to the date of the month you wish (given at the left). After securing the key-letter for that date refer to the Gallery of Letters to find out the indications for that day. When more than one letter is given for any day look up both letters for that day and govern yourself accordingly.

This is a Daily Guide for each Zodiacal Sign for the present month.

Remember that when a day is marked G it is good for most all progressive things, even though they might not be mentioned in the paragraph. Remember that a day marked A is adverse for most all progressive things, even though they are not mentioned in the paragraph.

The Secrets of Handwriting Revealed

The Misfits

By KNUTE O. HOLM, *Certified Grapho-Analyst*

THERE are many factors that contribute to the misfortunes in human life and endeavors. Sickness and unforeseen obstacles often make the future look bleak and unbearable. Sometimes outside forces seem to converge upon a person and in a comparatively short time ruin the fondest hopes and the best-laid plans. Nearly everyone has had some experience with incidents of this nature or something similar, and for this reason nearly everyone knows what disappointments and postponed success carry with them.

While the foregoing influences do much to make life less pleasant than it really should be, there is one prevailing tragedy that causes more misery and unhappiness than the average person is in position to realize; and it is the prevalence of this condition that makes it so tragic. This is the tragedy of the misfit. The man or woman who for some reason or other finds himself or herself working at something for which he or she has no talent whatever. There are ever so many of these unfortunates who are languishing indoors or wasting their energy at a job they actually dislike. Why are they there? What caused them to take a job they probably did not care for in the first place? The answers to these questions are almost as varied as the number of persons concerned.

The percentage of persons who are occupying positions for which they have no natural talent is astonishingly and dismayingly high. In an article on vocational advice that writer stated that in a class of fifty graduates ready to enter a professional career only four or five possessed the competence and strength of character required to handle the problems in that particular field. In another instance a group of young men entered an engineering field simply because the leader in their class was going to be an engineer. A college or university education is no guarantee that a man or woman will enter the field for which he or she is suited best.

We have analyzed the handwriting of pastors who should have been business men, writers or college deans. People engaged in office work have come to see us and many times we have found that they had more ability for outdoor work. Is it any wonder that these people were not as happy as they could have been? Is it any wonder that they did not get as much out of life as they had a right to expect?

Do you like the work you are doing? If not what is there about it that you dislike most? Why did you take it in the first place? Did some person influence you to accept it? Did circumstances force you into the first job you could get? Or did your pride and aspiring nature drive you to undertake something that is really beyond your ability? Try to analyze the situation and answer these questions truthfully to yourself. By doing this you may arrive at a satisfactory conclusion and find a solution to your problem.

In order to further aid you in straightening out your vocational problems there are several other points you may find worth considering. Do you like to be with people? Or do you prefer to work alone? If you find that other people irritate you it stands to reason that you will have a difficult time as a teacher, salesman, personnel manager, information clerk or in any other place where you are forced to associate with others. No doubt other persons will continue to irritate you until you make a decided effort to find out why they do. Once the cause has been removed the results will take care of themselves. A person who cannot meet and handle people with a fair degree of ease should not occupy a position where this is necessary. If this is true of you and you find yourself in such a position the chances are that you are misplaced. You may have talent for something else where you can use your present training.

Do you like machinery, and do you like to work with tools? Then by all means enter some mechanical line or some trade where you can use the skill in the use of your hands that nature gave you.

Now, assuming that the letters "m" and "r" prove that you possess natural ability as a mechanic, machinist, machine operator or something along mechanical lines. You know you possess this ability and you have a job as a mechanic. Still there is something about your vocation that you do not quite like, but you do not know what it is. This brings up another point that must be considered yet does not always show in the writing. This important factor is your health and physical condition.

If you are blessed with a rugged physique and the down strokes, together with the letter "p," prove that you possess muscular energy that must be used up, you are especially fitted for handling heavy machinery. You will naturally find it more to your liking to run large machines, such as cranes, hoists, railroad engines, mining engines, conveyors, and so forth. If at the same time you are of the rough-and-ready type it makes it so much easier for you. People of this type do not mind a little oil and grease. If you are in this class, you will also make a good garage mechanic.

Should it happen, however, that your physical make-up is different, it changes things considerably. You may have good health, but you are not in the hard and heavy built class. If this is the case you must choose your mechanical field to suit your physical ability. There are bicycle shops, typewriter and office appliance plants, and many other factories manufacturing as well as assembling lighter machinery where you should be able to find a place to your liking.

As a rule, you people who are of this type do not like the grime and dirt that usually go with large and heavy machines. More often than not you are of a refined nature and you should try to choose your line of endeavor so that it suits both your mechanical talent and your physical ability.

In case the strokes in your writing and the letter "d" prove that you are of a very sensitive nature you need to be more careful than ever. If the condition of the script and the letter "p" shows that you are of a sedentary nature, and you still possess mechanical ability, you would make a good jeweler or watchmaker. Or you should succeed in some other line of mechanical endeavor where patience, minute accuracy and delicate adjustment is very necessary.

Summed up, it all proves that mechanical ability and a love of machinery is not enough. You may be a misfit even if you do possess them. You should choose the machinery that suits your particular nature.

What has been brought out in connection with mechanics who are misplaced may also be applied to many other vocations, including salesmanship. There are many men and women who are now employed selling various commodities. They like the selling game, yet they feel there is something about it that is not quite as it should be.

Let us say that your writing proves that you have natural ability as a salesman. You like to travel, meet people and sell things. Still there is something about it that leaves you dissatisfied in spite of the fact that you are making a very good salary. Now, for the sake of argument, let us say that you are selling building material, steel, iron, or even fertilizer. This naturally throws you in contact with people who are interested in matters of this kind. Usually they are also of the rough slap-you-on-the-back type.

Next let us say that your writing shows that you are somewhat sensitive and that you like books or literature. This would indicate that you are refined and your tastes run along the finer things in life. All this would be brought out in the formation of the letter "e" and the "d" as well as in the general condition of the script. From

(Continued on page 28)

Practical Lessons in Palmistry for the Lay Reader

By ALICE DENTON JENNINGS

Alice Denton Jennings

(Author's Note — In these talks the word "child" is being used throughout, meaning, of course, young children of both sexes, as well as men and women who may be dissatisfied with their present vocation in life. The use of the term is merely for convenience and to prevent verbiage.)

The Thumb and Its Revelations

IN DEFAULT of any other proofs," said Newton, "the thumb would convince me of the existence of God."

The consideration of this most wonderful member of the hand should be undertaken with a full appreciation of its power, and a realization of how much it can mean in the analyzing of human character, if properly understood.

In the same manner as the inferior animals, the human being has an instinctive will, an instinctive logic and an instinctive decision. These are faculties of which the thumb in different degrees affords the indications. That the thumb is of supreme importance to the usefulness of the hand is shown by the fact that on the hand of Man only is it found. The human thumb is so situated and organized as to be able always to act in an opposite direction to the other fingers, and it is by this power that it symbolizes the inner or moral sense which we oppose to our will, and through it to the temptations of our instincts and our senses. Proofs of this assertion abound: Imbeciles, idiots, the majority of inmates in asylums, keep their thumbs habitually within the palms. At the approach of death, the thumb, with an instinctive motion, seems to fall into the palm of the hand. This peculiar habit of turning in the thumbs is found in those who have little moral sense, are of a dual nature, or are utterly lacking in self-confidence.

The thumbs of babies are bent within the palms, and covered by the fingers which clasp them. With the advent of awakening consciousness, when self-reliance and will power are awakened, then will come the instinctive throwing out of the thumb. The thumb, therefore, is closely allied to the powers of human will and human personality.

Heron says that "People with small thumbs are governed by their hearts (source of all tolerant feelings), and are more at ease in an atmosphere of sentiments than in one of ideas; they appreciate things more at a rapid survey of them than on reflection."

"People with large thumbs are governed by their heads (source of all feelings of exclusiveness), and are more at ease in an atmosphere of ideas than in one of sentiments. They judge things better by reflection than on the spur of the moment"

All great men had large and powerful thumbs. They were characteristic of Voltaire, Washington, Napoleon. The greater the activity of the mind, the more active and independent will be found the motions of the thumb. A well developed thumb always accompanies an intellectual character, and vice versa.

The kind of will that is represented by the human thumb is not instinctive will, but the will of reason, the logic of reason, the decision of reason. For this purpose, the thumb is divided into three parts. The top phalange or joint represents the will, or the divine part of the nature. The second phalange or joint represents the logic, reasoning or intellectual part, and the third phalange, forming the base of the thumb and extending into the palm, represents the passionate or animal side of the nature.

The first point to consider is that the higher the thumb is set on the hand, the nearer does the intelligence, or lack of it, resemble the primitive. Bear in mind that the monkey's thumb is placed high on its paw. Idiots who are idiotic from birth come into the world either without thumbs, or with thumbs which are powerless and atrophied.

The higher the thumb grows from the side of the hand the lower the grade of intelligence. The smaller the thumb thus highly placed, the nearer the intelligence approaches the primitive. The normal length of the thumb, with a medium setting, is when the tip of the first phalange reaches about the middle of the second phalange of the index finger, when the thumb is held against the side of the hand. A thumb much shorter than this is considered a short thumb, unless the thumb itself is set so low, that while the thumb itself is normal, the low setting accounts for its shortness. On the other hand where the thumb itself is set medium or high, it might over-reach this measurement and still be of only normal length.

The next point to consider is flexibility. The greater the activity of the mind, the more active and independent will be found the motions of the thumb.

This brings us to a consideration of the divisions of the thumb, first, second and third phalanges or joints.

At the root of the thumb, or third phalange, is indicated the greater or less intensity or capacity to love. The better proportioned this is the more the individual has control of the sex side of the nature.

When this part of the thumb is normally developed, it indicates a warm-hearted, affectionate nature. When greatly over developed it bespeaks a violent attraction towards the opposite sex. When poorly developed it indicates a rather cold, critical nature.

In judging individual phalanges of the thumb, the first phalange should be a trifle shorter than the first. This gives normal development. From time immemorial, logic or reasoning power is represented by the middle phalange, will power by the first phalange or nail portion. Where the will phalange is longer than logic or reason, will is in excess, and the individual will act first and think afterward. Such a one is set and determined in his ways, and makes mistakes because he allows these qualities to rule reason or logic. Where the second phalange is longer, reason will be found to be in excess of will. Such a one may be able to reason cleverly, and often shrewdly, but is lacking in ability to carry the results into execution.

This brings us to a consideration of temperament as suggested by the thumb.

The individuals with supple jointed thumbs are more adaptable, more reasonable, and more easily turned aside from their purpose than those with stiff jointed thumbs.

The individuals with stiff jointed thumbs are inclined to be narrow in their views, secretive and cautious.

The individual with the supple jointed thumb is more tolerant, more gracious, more willing to submit to the risks of life. Such a one is more concerned with the spirit of the law than the letter.

The individual with the stiff jointed thumb is more straight-laced. He is often more concerned with the letter of the law than the spirit. It must not be supposed that either one of these types is better than the other. There will be found many charming persons in both classifications.

The size of the thumb plays an important point in sizing up qualities and characteristics.

Generally speaking, a small, poorly formed thumb bespeaks an irresolute mind. It often indicates an innate ability to manage one's own affairs, lack

(Continued on page 28)

BOOK REVIEWS

THE HOW, WHAT AND WHY OF ASTROLOGY—by Wm. J. Tucker. Published by Science and Humanity, Ltd., London, England. The author is to be congratulated on his timely and profitable treatise on Astrology for the beginner. We find he has illuminated the dense matter which has kept the inquirer from starting the study of the stars. "The How, What and Why of Astrology" has set a balanced feast table for the inquirer. Cloth.....$2.50

THE ARMS OF LOVE AND THE WINGS OF FAITH—by Evelyn Whitell. Published by De Vorss & Company, Los Angeles, Calif. This book carries a message of optimism and cheer. The author has woven a chain of stories in a volume of rare value to those who need encouragement in their weary travel through the swamps and mists of uncertainty of purpose. Little helps they can truly be called. Cloth $1.25

THIS WAY TO PROSPERITY—by M. E. Simpson. Published by De Vorss & Company, Los Angeles, Calif. A remarkable story told in a most fascinating manner. Student and layman, or the casual reader must find the hidden Pearls of Truth that mark the Path not only to Prosperity but to Peace and Joy more abundant. Cloth $2.00

LOVE THY NEIGHBOR—by Louis Scher. Published by De Vorss & Company, Los Angeles, Calif. The title of this book leads one to think it might be a treatise on religious topics or political intrigue or one might class it among the educational classics. The author treats in parallel all of these subjects and an added one—the destruction of all of these through and by the ill-fated and ghastly preparation to destroy that Holy of Holies—*a human life* and its greatest asset — the Peace of Nations and the peoples of the world. Cloth $2.50

MY ROSICRUCIAN ADVENTURE—by Israel Regardie. Published by The Aries Press, Chicago, Ill. Israel Regardie has presented to the reader brief lights on the much discussed question of Rosicrucianism, giving names of founders of different branches with the data of their founding—a resume of their activities from 1398 A.D. A veritable book of history with much valuable instruction for the student. Cloth $2.50

PAMPHLETS

We found in our Book Review Nook for this month several very unique pamphlets which demand your attention. First on the list is PSYCHIC NEWS, No. 1—THE

(*Continued on page 30*)

NUMEROLOGY

Your Name Analyzed — *By Mary Adams*

Send full name and present signature, also year, month and day of birth. Communications without name and address will not be answered. Analysis should pertain to yourself and not to someone else. Address NUMEROLOGIST, The Occult Digest, 1900 North Clark Street, Chicago, Illinois.

Names are not analyzed privately for a stamped, self-addressed envelope. The service in the magazine is free and is designed to help those who are in distress.

M.B.E., Ind.—Your present signature is good—but if you prefer the middle initial "M," instead of "B," that also is all right. Serving, cooking, making or doing anything connected with the home is good work for you.

H.O.W., Md.—You should sign your name H—— O. W——; or H. O. W——. You are consciously vain, and self-satisfied and prone to boast of your worldly experience.

D.P., Wis.—Call yourself Helen and drop your first name. That gives you a very strong name. Your Birthpath is the same as your father's.

O.P., Calif.—You are artistic, probably musical, fond of travel and new experiences. Your name is not good. If you would like financial success put another "L" in your first name. That gives you an unusually strong name.

E.F., Kans.—You are very artistic and love harmony of sound, color and movement. You are full of enthusiasm but difficult to understand because you are different at different times.

G.A.R., Mo.—You are refined, gentle, a real homebody, but not business-like.

D.D.W., Ohio — When it comes to names you are not a good "picker." I do not find literary ability in your numbers. Dean W—— is a good name. D. Mary K——. I would say try music or dancing.

T.B.M., Ill.—Never use "Miss" as a part of your signature. Bertha M—— without any initial is best. Your full first name and your last is also good.

O.H., Fla.—So very sorry, but I cannot read your last name. I suggest you see a physician and go where he tells you.

T.W.G., Fla.—You are a great lover of rhythm—either of poetry or music; very artistic and emotional. Use your first name, and put another "A" in your last name. Omit your middle name.

H.S., N.Y. — You are imaginative, musical and pleasure-loving; but you also have executive ability, and should have no difficulty in earning a living. You would do better to use a middle initial, either "O" or "F."

L.T.McM., Iowa—There are several ways in which you can sign your name: C—— McM—— with no initial; C—— M. McM——; Mrs. L—— E. McM——. You are a good worker for someone else, but cannot promote either yourself or your business. You are not a leader.

OAHSPE

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M.B., Minn.—We keep no record of questions. You would have to send it in again. Put your energy and mind to business and make it a success. You can do it. Do not let go now.

R.J., Calif. — A complete change awaits you which will change your outlook upon life for the better for all time.

J.J.K., Calif.—Success will be retarded for the present but is assured in the years to follow.

S.N.C., Ill.—Old conditions will not return. Build where you are and make yourself contented. Success will reward you.

H.A.S., Me.—You can win yet if you put your best foot forward in bold recognition of the right. The fault is yours.

C.M.T., Pa.—Something better comes your way.

A.S., Calif.—There are no indications that you will get your wish. There is an indication of a new relationship of more value to you so close the door on the old and open it to the new.

L.M.S., Pa.—There is only one road to your goal and that is perseverance, adaptability to circumstances and a continual forward move with your eyes on the goal.

L.G., Calif.—There is only one thing to do—make the best use possible of what you have. Live one day at a time. Life adjusts and recompenses us. You do not appreciate your good fortune. Just enjoy the blessings you have.

P.C., Mich.—Things will change for the better through an unexpected source.

E.B.B., Wash. — There are many things you could do to start the wheels rolling. You have thought of doing them but you must act on your impulse. Do not be afraid—you have clear vision.

M.L.B., Can.—Yes, there is every indication of success; a little difficulty at first. Be courageous.

Practical Palmistry — (*Continued from page 21*)

of will power or reason, one governed by impulse rather than reason.

A large and well proportioned thumb bespeaks a firm and stable character, one governed by the intellect, and though the affections may be strong and lasting, they will not dominate.

It will be observed that dull minded people, slow of thought and action, will have dull, stiff thumbs, closely confined in their motions to the side of the index finger of the hand.

The shape of the thumb will be our next consideration.

The thumb that is entirely devoid of symmetry suggests heaviness, coarseness, lack of intellectual activity. The thumb that is flat, thin and lean, where its flatness seems to be its distinguishing mark, suggests one who is completely lacking in decision, one prone to accept generally received opinions and ideas of other people.

The thumb which has a "broad look," is strong and healthy in appearance, is the formation which bespeaks strong determination, will power, tact and refinement of spirit.

The shape of the tip of the thumb plays an important part in estimating characteristics.

Where the tip of the thumb is "square shaped" the indications are for a more decided character, firm and stable.

Where the tip of the thumb is rounded or conic tipped, the indications are of a sensitive and impressionable nature, one easily affected and influenced by surroundings. Such an individual often possesses highly intuitive qualities and belongs more to the idealistic type than the "square shaped" or more matter of fact type.

The "spatulate" or fan shaped tip, especially if the thumb is long and firm, usually possesses a will so strong that nothing would serve to change the mind when once made up.

The breadth between the fingers and the thumb shows the attitude of the individual towards the rest of the world. The wider the thumb stretches away from the first finger of the hand, the wider the angle formed, and the wider the angle, the wider the viewpoint of its owner. The wider the grasp of the hand, the greater the grasp of the mind.

In summing up the thumb, it must always be borne in mind that it is necessary to rely on other indications in the hand, as the head line for mentality, to discover whether the traits shown by the thumb are being used by the individual for either good or evil.

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V.B., Colo.—Housewife and beauty culture are your best choice.

K.W., Calif.—Time not indicated but a happy change for you is. Be patient.

R.W., N. M.—We would advise you to try selling automobiles or other fine machinery. You have a mechanical mind, a good business head and ability for getting along with people. Try to overcome your shyness and everything will be all right.

J.E.H., Wyo.—Except for your tendency to be a little sharp there is no reason why you and your friend should not get along. Watch this trait because the script shows you hurt his feelings without realizing that you are doing so.

K.A., Ind.—The retracing of some of the letters proves you have formed a habit of repressing your feelings. This, together with your dignity, is the reason why people often come to the conclusion that you do not care to be friendly. Try to show your true nature and you will make more friends.

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H.S., N.Y.—Yes, you will be successful with that plan.

F.C.S., Tex.—Success will be yours in that business. Put every bit of energy you have into building it up. In 1937 you will make a change.

S.J.S., O. — Indeed, there is much ahead of you to make life thrilling. 1937 and 1938 are excellent years for success and health.

E.M., La. — You are on the right track. The occult sciences will prove to be helpful to you and your friends. Success will be yours.

R.D.M., Mass.—Your son should be very successful in business next year. He has many favorable aspects which should boost him ahead.

K.W., Ore.—Beauty parlor operation, theatrical work, writing, music or teaching are all in your best lines. Success can come to you in any one of them if you are properly trained.

H.W., O.—The idea is good. It has been used successfully in hospitals. If you have the self-confidence you could develop it.

T.B., N.Y. — Two inheritances are noted. One almost dissipated before you get it. The other is intact and should come very soon to you.

E.J.S., Fla.—Transiting Saturn in Pisces retrograding, ruling feet is cause of your trouble. It will improve when Saturn goes direct after November 19th. Saturn afflicts your Sun now also. General health slightly undermined—nothing serious. Party you ask about is present.

E.M., N.C.—She can be successful in beauty culture work, so if she likes it let her train for it.

D.P., Ill.—That work is certainly not suitable for you. Try elsewhere for an executive position.

A.K.S., Ill.—Not from a foreign country, but they will be improved through increase in your regular income.

J.S., Ind.—Surely you will marry again. A delightful second union is shown in your chart. It occurs after your 54th year.

E.M., Pa.—Your parents are right. The affair is only a fascination and is not one of your important unions of affection. The fact that you are not sure yourself is evidence enough. The stars frown upon it.

The Cyclic Formula of Change — (*Continued from page 9*)

tion. It is the "day be-with-us" of the occultists, the Seventh-Day. As this moment of consummation is reached, all the forces which were the differentiated streams issued from the Original Source (or Monad) and which animated the many "Sons" of the one Father become gathered in a vortex of power and light which constitutes the creative reality of the God-of-the-end: creative because this God will become in turn, by imaging himself forth, the Creator of the new Cycle's "archetypes" or generic Forms.

Though such a characterization of the three basic terms of the Cycle is most incomplete, it will at any rate help us to define the three fundamental world-viewpoints which gave and are to give rise to three equally fundamental formulas of being and becoming. Each world-viewpoint and its formula emphasize one of the three terms of the Cycle — and emphasis which of course does not negate the other two terms but which either leaves them in the background or gives to them a more or less subaltern, or negative, or illusory valuation. The two first types of emphasis, stressing the "beginning" and the "middle" of the Cycle—the original One and the process of becoming—are well known to mankind. The former is typical of the old Hindu civilization, and of all religious and spiritual movements which are more or less dependent upon the old Aryan tradition. The latter received a typical formulation in the old Chinese civilization, and is also exemplified by the largest part of the philosophical-psychological and scientific thought of the 20th century. A third type of emphasis—stressing the value of consummation and the end-term of the Cycle—is slowly emerging from the general body of modern thought. It is such a type of emphasis that we shall attempt to characterize in a new cyclic formula.

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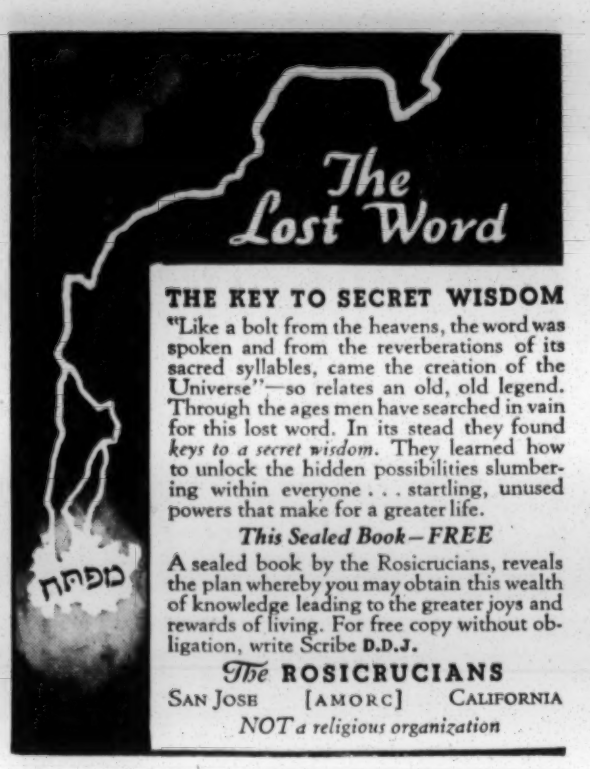

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The Devil Beads — (*Continued from page 13*)

the parasol episode that the evening train had brought to the town a pert, pretty girl with a roving eye and the town had watched the newcomer win the bride's husband away from her. The talk proved nothing in the end—just the cryptic warning and then the arrival of the intriguing stranger—weird coincidence.

At times a wild whisper would run through the negro cabins and the whites would sense the nervous tension even if they were carefully guarded from the hissing whispers.

"Old Zebbie make bad wishes on her devil beads."

"Three wishes for ebery bead—takes all the time the moon is travelin' from the edge of the swamp to the top of the sycamore tree."

Often the younger folks threatened to crawl up and watch old Zebbie telling her beads, but the place was forlorn with desolation and the green scum of the water swelled and lifted by the unclean life of the swamp. So the old woman fried her fish and added her chant to the orchestra of the night and told her devil beads while the moon rose like a priestess from the jungle-like growth of the swamp.

There was no thought of appealing to the law; that which was feared could issue as potently from the bars of a prison as from the green scum of the swamp. Zebbie was beyond material and physical law, like some huge spider of the fourth dimension.

It was a newcomer, a man from "up north," who had at last precipitated trouble. When he found that three dozen of his fancy chickens had been transported from his hen house in town to an old pen back of Zebbie's cabin, he swore out a warrant for her arrest. The sheriff found her frying fish over her camp fire and a great diamond flashing on her wizened hand. She had no more than been received at the jail till the ring was claimed by a guest at the hotel. Zebbie sat far back in her cell and her eyes glittered sullenly. She sent word to the "Northerner" to come and talk to her but he was "busy making his hen house thief-proof" and had no time for talking things over with the old croon.

Folks were thrilled at this defiance and terror-stricken too; some thought he should be warned about the legend concerning Zebbie. They hoped that she could be put away and her reign of fear ended; they would do all they could to help the court find her guilty but none of them dared to act openly.

The day of the trial arrived before the folks of the town had decided whether they would attend or not and the court room was crowded with those who had planned to stay away.

The judge was both brisk and brusque that morning, plainly mystified by the gathering. He understood why the negroes were present, most of them standing just outside the windows where they could hear and pass the news along but why the elect of the town should attend, left him wondering greatly.

To the charge of theft made by the state, old Zebbie whiningly replied, "Jedge, I don't steal nothin'—I can't get erround good no more—these things done been given to me. These here be presents to me, Jedge!"

The state interrupted this as a plea of "not guilty" and the trial proceeded. When the "Northerner" took the stand and calmly swore to his hens, Zebbie's old hands twisted the strand of beads till the hideous little figure at the end writhed on her lap.

Melissa was the next witness called. The girl was so frightened that even her voice trembled. Melissa readily admitted that she had stolen the ring and given it to Zebbie. But she refused to tell why she had done it, sitting in mute distress while she was threatened with contempt of court. It took a long bombardment of questions to make her admit that "Zebbie done ask me to get it for her." As she was dismissed from the chair the prisoner lashed out at her, "Gal! you sure air goin' to stumble over sumthin'." Melissa's young man caught the ashen faced girl and bore her outside where she was received by the colored folks as one already stricken.

The negro man who had bestowed the chickens on Zebbie readily admitted the same but refused to answer any more questions and received a jail sentence for contempt of court in a relieved but thoroughly mute manner. Other witnesses followed his example closely and the trial was a flunk.

Zebbie readily took the stand in her own behalf. She claimed that she had been the recipient of gifts; that was all that she had done, just accepted them.

To the question, "Don't you threaten folks to get them to steal for you?"

"I don't no ways understand you, Jedge."

"Well, don't you threaten to put a 'conjure' on them if they don't do as you tell them?"

Old Zebbie cackled with ill-timed mirth, "Lord bless ye, Jedge, I don't do no conjure. I jest says strange things and they twists 'em to fit their bad luck. Everybody has bad luck, Jedge, one time an' another. Yes, sir, they fits my words to their bad luck."

Before the morning was over the judge had arrived at a decision. He found Zebbie guilty of inciting to theft and receiving stolen goods. Of practicing intimidation over otherwise honest and trustworthy folks. He gave her five years' imprisonment.

Old Zebbie hardly understood and it was only when the sheriff was helping her stiffened limbs over the threshold that she turned to say venomously, "Jedge—you sure are goin' to meet yoursef some day."

The door closed and everyone heaved a sigh of deep relief, hoping she had

(*Continued on page 27*)

The Devil Beads — (*Continued from page 26*)

vanished from their sight forever. After all she was way up in years and there was a good chance she might not live out her term of sentence.

The town ate its dinner in nervous tension, and the afternoon passed in expectancy of disaster. The minutes were packed so full of feeling that the hours seemed long. At last twilight and then a soft dense night. The houses blazed with lights and then suddenly an alarm ran up and down the streets and a crowd gathered quickly at the hotel and looked in at windows and doors. A crowd that watched the doctor working over a panting and terrified girl, writhing on the floor.

The word was passed along that the doctor was afraid that he could not save Melissa from the effect of the snake bite and the two-mile run she had made to gain the hotel. Melissa had spent the day with her mother and had been returning at dusk.

It was a short, sharp battle and when the slender form was stiffening under the sheet the crowd turned as one man to watch the judge come bustling in. He had been attracted by the crowd and wished to know what was the cause of the commotion.

When they told him, curiously watching the effect of the news upon him, the judge said sadly, "If she had just given herself first aid—too bad people lose their heads in an emergency!" Suddenly Melissa's mistress confronted the judge, her eyes blazing with contempt for a person who could be surrounded by spiritual turmoil and not sense it.

"You heard," she stormed, "you heard old Zebbie tell the girl she would stumble over something! Well, in this case it just happened to be a rattler!"

The haze that had befuddled the judge's understanding tore away; he saw the meaning of the tense courtroom, the shrinking witnesses, the nervous tension he had noticed on the streets that afternoon. A strange fear crawled into his vitals and weakened him.

The judge walked to the bar and ordered a stiff drink. As it was being prepared he studied his face in the great mirror that hung over the bar. There was an expression on his face that was new to it, a craven look such as he had seen prisoners wear who were guilty and feared the worst. His color was like dirty wax, the eyes seemed to protrude. He was glad that the study and practice of law kept one from silly superstitions. What was it the old croon had said to him? In a threatening way, something utterly impossible? Too silly to soil one's good memory with—something about "Meeting himself"?

Folks always say in telling the story, that the judge could have saved himself if he had lifted his arm to ward off the force of the blow—but he had not raised a hand, only stared in horror at his own face with the eyes bulging in terror, as it advanced toward him in the heavy mirror that had torn slowly loose from the fastenings that had held it for half a century.

The iron frame hit the judge on his head with great force. The doctor wrote "concussion" on his death certificate but the hotel mistress summed up everyone's private opinion when she remarked as she swept up the splintered glass, "Well, I guess that was as near to 'meetin' himself' as the judge would ever come!"

They found old Zebbie the next morning sitting in her chair with a long slender knife in her heart; some outraged soul had thrown it straight and true through the bars of her window. Her people buried her with the red beads around her neck and the knife in her heart. When questioned about it they replied:

"We all was afeard to lay holt of dat knife, for it jest kept quiverin' and tremblin' all de time! Eben when dey puts the lid on the coffin—dat buckhorn handle jest kept a tappin' an' a tappin' on de coffin lid!"

Ancient or Modern America — (*Continued from page 10*)

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Handwriting — (*Continued from page 20*)

this any vocational adviser would come to the conclusion that you would be much better off selling books, literature, home study courses or something along similar lines. In so doing you would always be contacting people who would be interested in the same things and naturally you would be more pleased with yourself as well as everything else. You and your customers would always have a common meeting ground that would be of benefit to all concerned. This would not be the case were you selling the materials mentioned in the preceding paragraph.

It is not enough to go in for salesmanship, or any other vocation, merely because you have talent for it. There are many branches in nearly every line of endeavor. This makes it very necessary for you to carefully search out the one place where you fit in the best. Check up on yourself. If you are sure you want to be a salesman mark down the things, items or material that you like best, then look around for a concern that handles them. If you are not careful you may become a misfit in spite of the fact that you are capable.

When the speed of the script and the formation of the "p" show that the person concerned is very restless and possesses an over-abundance of physical energy it may be the reason why the education has been neglected. Such persons find the confinement of the classroom very irksome. They want to get out and do things, and usually get irritated when restrained. Because of this they find studying and mental application very difficult.

Is this true in your case? If it is you may find your lack of education a handicap and you may not know what to do about it. What you can do, however, is to buy books that cover the subject in which you are most interested. Or you may be able to get them at the library. Home study courses that cover nearly every field of endeavor are also available. Study the line in which you are interested while you are working at it and your advancement will be more rapid.

Some months ago a young girl came to us for advice. Her writing brought out the fact that she was very restless and she possessed many of the characteristics mentioned in the preceding paragraph. The clearness of the strokes and the formation of some of the letters also proved that she was more intelligent than the average person of her age. For this reason she was ahead of her fellow students and it irked her to wait for them. Another thing that made it difficult for her was that she was more matured physically than her associates. For these reasons, and because she had a job in view, she wanted to quit high school. We advised her against it and tried to explain that she would lose out later in life if she chose to go to work now. She would have made an excellent demonstrator, but without a fair education upon which to build there is grave danger that she will become a misfit and a drifter. More so because the finals on the words proved that she is much too easily led and lets some of her friends influence her too much.

We also have very good reasons for remembering the writing of a young man who wanted to be an electrical engineer. He spent three years at a university before he finally found out that he was unable to attain success in this particular field. His writing proved that he would have made a very good architect or landscape gardener. His desire to build and construct led him to try something for which he had no real talent. Today he is working as a skilled laborer and as matters stand now will never be either an engineer or an architect.

If you have talent for a certain line, if there is an intense desire on your part to do something worth while, by all means do what you can to attain that goal. Use any method in which you have faith that will aid you in determining for what you are best fitted. The method in itself is of no importance. It is your success and the happiness it will bring you that counts.

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Why the Crow Turned Black — (*Continued from page 17*)

of the West he works on stricken sheep.

Hydra is the longest of the constellations. It pictures the middle decanate of the sign of the home, Cancer; but also embraces in its length all four of the constellations relating to the different kinds of companionship; that is, companionship in the home, companionship in love affairs, companionship with employees and companionship in partnership and marriage. We may be sure, therefore, that the characteristic which the ancients sought to portray by Corvus is something which quite commonly painfully attacks and destroys these human associations.

Perhaps to get a clearer insight of this matter it will be well to turn to the Greeks. According to an account they left, Apollo, the Sun, was deeply in love with Coronis and was jealous of her conduct. From this jealousy developed a desire to spy upon her; and as most fitting to do such sneaking gum shoe work, especially where love affairs are concerned, he selected a raven which in that day was still of purest white.

Those who surreptitiously investigate the conduct of their associates seldom learn anything complimentary to themselves. It was almost a foregone conclusion, therefore, that the scandal-monging raven would find something unsavory to tell. Although he partakes of other and forbidden food, chiefly he is a carrion eater. The more rotten the repast the better he seems to like it. And true to his nature, when he came back to Apollo he had gossip aplenty. His loudly wagging tongue took gross delight in telling, with spicy embellishments, all the details of a love affair between Coronis and Ischys the Thessalian.

It might have happened today with the pictures of all concerned in the tabloids so true to common observation was the outcome. The malicious carrying of tales, the prying of inquisitive noses into affairs which are no concern of theirs, all too often wrecks the budding of some fine affection; or as in this case, brings grief and tragedy where peace and happiness should have laid their heads. Apollo, enraged at the report of his sweetheart's infidelity shot her through the heart.

The crow, of course, had nothing to gain but his own malicious satisfaction. No possible benefit could come to him from destroying the happiness of two people. Nor commonly is any benefit to be had by those who exaggerate the misconduct of others, or who wreck other people's homes through the tales they bear. It is a pity, therefore, that the scandalmonger crow cannot be painted red or blue that all might know them; for something similar happened to the crow and ever since that day he has been compelled to wear a cloak of black.

Because gossip which relates the amatory experiences of others is so common, as witnessed by the yellow news sheets as well as by neighborhood propensities, it is an instructive quest to delve into the recesses of the unconscious mind to find the underlying cause of this trait. Sometimes an individual practices one type of malicious tale bearing to the exclusion of the others; but commonly the various types are so interblended that it is convenient here to speak of all together.

Freudian literature, with its full exposition of the part played in life by repressions reveals the psychology of the scandalmonger mind. Those who find adequate expression for their own desires, that is, who acknowledge to themselves, at least, whatever propensities and promptings may be present in their unconscious mind; and thus recognizing, find an outlet either through less desirable channels or through sublimating the energies and directing them into constructive work are never given to gossip. They are very little interested in the love escapades of others because their own love natures have been completely satisfied.

In thinking about any experience, whether one's own or another's, there is a certain thought participation in it. In telling about the conduct of another, whether that conduct be commendable or the reverse, not only the one who does the telling but also the one who listens vicariously takes some part in that experience. Were this not true the movies would be less well patronized.

People do not go to the movies to see and hear the actors on the screen do the things which these people do in their hum-drum lives. They go to the picture shows to have vicariously the experiences for which they inwardly yearn but which their lives are too narrow to permit. The experiences which they are denied in actual life but for which they have the strongest longing in their unconscious minds are the ones which they most enjoy on the screen.

The office clerk whose most gallant act during working hours is to make entries in a book, inwardly longs for adventure. He is denied action and excitement in his life and he goes to the movies to get them. He identifies himself with the dashing hero, delights in his valorous exploits, takes part in the downfall of the villain and glories in the justification of those misunderstood. He goes home with a certain sense of satisfaction because a repression has found release.

The shop girl whose life is devoted only to pleasing customers over the counter and who inwardly longs for romance, thrills with vicarious joy when the handsome hero on the screen after surmounting terrific obstacles and facing dangerous hazards, at length triumphant, clasps the fair heroine to his manly breast. Nor should she be censured. To love and be loved is an imperative command of nature. Nothing is finer than honest love. And the shop girl, identifying herself with the hero-

(*Continued on page 31*)

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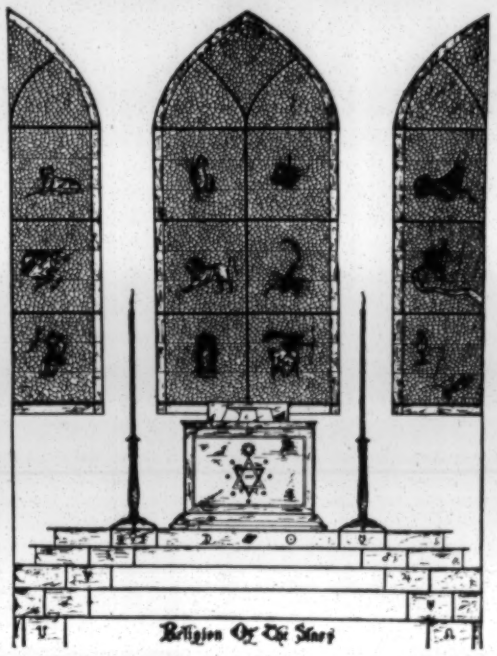

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Bringing Your Stars to You — (*Continued from page 18*)

SCORPIO

(For those born between Oct. 23-Nov. 21)

Why so upset? You may think you have reason to be — but you really haven't. The month will be all right if you can control your feelings and emotions. Do not worry so much. Disturbing news will not be as serious as you at first feared. Guard your health. Prevent careless handling of money. Keep cheerful.

SAGITTARIUS

(For those born between Nov. 22-Dec. 21)

November shows some serious mistakes that may cost money unless you are very careful. Be discreet in all decisions and actions. Unfortunate month for travel. The last week of the month things clear up slightly. Then you have pleasant surprises and offers to take trips. At that time also favors and gifts come to you.

CAPRICORN

(For those born between Dec. 22-Jan. 19)

First half of the month looks very progressive and courageous. Money seems to be more plentiful for you. Honor through admiration of important people. Last half of the month may be a bit monotonous. Nothing serious but slow moving conditions annoy and vex you. Keep a sweet temper and cultivate tolerance and patience.

AQUARIUS

(For those born between Jan. 20-Feb. 19)

Release some of that energy that you feel surging through your system now and make it pay dividends by bringing you increase in income. Good time to buy or sell things. Also favors traveling and removing. You seem to be a public or neighborhood favorite now: much company. New friendships and favors from others.

PISCES

(For those born between Feb. 20-Mar. 20)

You seem to have almost everything in your favor here. Go out and get things accomplished. Get all your irons in the fire. Promote your every interest. New contacts mean gain to you. Increase in your business or income. Pleasant working conditions. Unexpected favors. Offers of pleasant trips. Good health.

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Why the Crow Turned Black — (*Continued from page 29*)

ine is able thus to realize in some measure, a longing which is both beautiful and natural.

But the scandalmonger deals not in honest affection and in heroic and commendable actions. His tales are about illicit love. In telling, and in hearing about the morbid affairs of others he takes part in them vicariously. In some measure according to the vividness of his mental pictures, his unconscious mind identifies himself with the transgressors. Just as the office clerk finds some relief for his honest desire for adventure; just as the shop girl is able somewhat to satisfy her honest desire for romance and glamor; so the gossip, through tale bearing and tale listening is able to satisfy his desires for illicit, licentious, and ignoble conduct.

As a crow or raven feeds largely on putrid flesh, so those who revel in publishing the unseemly conduct of others feed their souls on rotten food. Their desire to discuss the vileness of others can only be interpreted from the standpoint that within their unconscious minds these are the things they desire to do and would do if they but had the courage.

To the extent an individual talks about and thinks about that which is rotten is this an expression of rottenness within himself. Those who are clean have a desire to keep away from filth. They do not revel in the sinfulness of others. Furthermore, just as the clerk who identifies himself with the hero, cultivates within himself a delight in valiant and honorable action; and just as the shop girl who identifies herself with the sweet and admirable heroine, cultivates within herself pleasure in womanly conduct of the same standard; so does the scandalmonger cultivate within himself an increasing relish for moral carrion.

Repressed desires, even though unrecognized objectively, can not be kept from finding some expression for their energy. And as the raven became black because he carried a black story, so that which is thought about adds its thought-images to the soul. From this derives the teaching which the ancients portrayed by Corvus: Man Tends to Become That Which He Most Talks About and Most Thinks About.

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Tremendous Trifles — (*Continued from page 16*)

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